

COUNTRY LIFE

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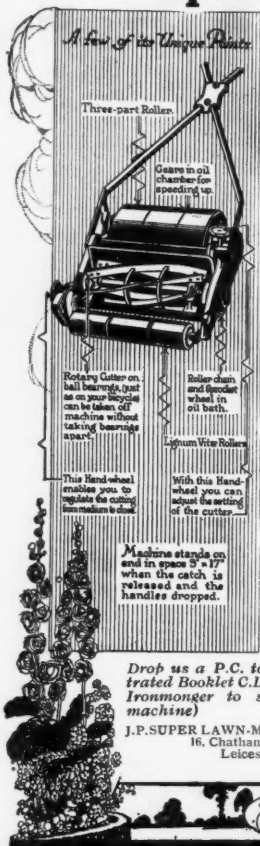
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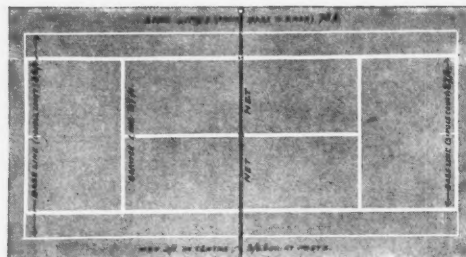
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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

The Need of More Agricultural Education

IT must seem to many people anomalous that while the demand for agricultural education becomes more insistent daily and the colleges of repute are so full that they can take no more students, there should be difficulty in restoring the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, to its previous position, or, rather, a position still stronger. We are informed that Lord Crewe, Lord Bledisloe and many other old students are taking steps to bring about this revival. The first difficulty experienced is that during and since the war a great number of the old students have got out of touch. Some are dead, some have left the country, some have settled in the Colonies. A preliminary to any united action would be to get together as many as possible. With that view it has been suggested that we should ask old students to communicate either with Lord Bledisloe or Mr. A. Goddard, Secretary to The Surveyors' Institution, whose address is 12, Great George Street, Westminster. With that we are very glad to comply, if for no other reason than because since the second or third year of the war there has been an almost unbroken stream of applications to us from men asking where they could gain an agricultural education or complete one that had been started before the war. But the great colleges

are full to overflowing, and, although in sending would-be students to them we have been met with great courtesy and consideration, there has not much come out of it for the men. The places are already full up, and the only offer is to put fresh candidates on a long waiting list. This is our principal reason for urging the reorganisation of Cirencester College. The previous history of the Institution has been not a little chequered by financial trouble. It has always been found difficult to make the College a paying proposition. Yet this is not a time to start a movement of this kind on a basis that will depend upon subsidy in one form or another. That is never good for either education or anything else. The only guarantee of success is that it should stand on its own feet. Therefore, at the beginning, a scheme should be thought out for making it attractive.

There never has been a time when prospects looked better for that kind of teaching. During the war the ordinary farmer was bewildered. He suddenly found himself an item in a crowd, the members of which were each struggling to increase the productivity of the soil. If he succeeded in doing so, success was a great stimulant to further effort. If he failed while his neighbours managed to effect some improvement, that fact would tend to stir him out of any leaning to self-satisfaction or the usual comfort of casting the blame on circumstances. The effect of this activity was good in many ways and particularly good in so far as it tended to dissipate the prejudice against theory. The so-called practical man in pre-war days used to cast an eye of withering scorn on the educational authority which worked out a system from books and explained the principles of farming in a study. But it is astonishing nowadays to see how much more respectfully the practical farmer regards the young men who have not yet completed their studies. He has had many opportunities of testing them, because it has become a practice with them to spend a part or the whole of their vacations on a farm. They are determined to test in work what has been taught in the school of agriculture. They are keen also to familiarise themselves with the common round, the trivial task which husbandry implies. They do not at all reciprocate the disdain which used to be felt for themselves. On the contrary, they admire the man who can actually do things. At the same time, we have had ocular evidence that some of these students are keen and clever enough to point out how one kind of thing is overdone and another neglected on the ordinary holding. Two clever students are staying with a farmer who is far above the average in efficiency, but who has attained that position not because of his ignorance, but in spite of it. Before their coming he dogmatised, for instance, on what he called the vicious practice of using large quantities of chemical manures. He likened the practice to feeding a healthy man with stimulants only, and was inclined to believe that the land that had been so treated was poorer at the end of the year. They pointed out to him with unanswerable commonsense that if the soil was deficient in nitrates, potash or any other manure it could be supplied in a concentrated form.

These, then, are the reasons for urging that still greater facilities should be given for the study of husbandry. They apply with particular force to the college at Cirencester which is situated in the middle of an interesting agricultural county and has a teaching legend and tradition behind it. If a head of the school could be obtained who has gained unquestionable distinction, preferably in one of the other colleges, there could be no great difficulty in building up a prosperous and most useful institution.

Our Frontispiece

A NEW portrait of Lady Edward Grosvenor, the elder daughter of the Earl of Kenmare, is given on the first page of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Her marriage to Lord Edward Grosvenor, the youngest son of the first Duke of Westminster, took place in 1914, and she has two little daughters.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

WHEN the House of Commons reassembles on Monday it will miss the most familiar and one of the most dignified and popular figures in Parliament, that of Mr. James Lowther. He has filled the great office of Speaker since 1905 in a manner that would compare with any of his long line of illustrious predecessors. Mr. Lowther's birth, education and training fitted him to enter on that great career. Both by birth and marriage he was associated with great political families. He entered the House of Commons in 1883 and filled many offices before entering the most onerous, including that of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker. It is proposed to ask Mr. Whitley, the present Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, to succeed him, and his election would give general satisfaction. Mr. Whitley possesses the great qualities of tact and impartiality which stand first in the requirements of the Speaker. He is worthy to follow Mr. Lowther, and no compliment could be higher. Everybody desires his acceptance of the office.

NOTHING has been published in the war of more interest than the third volume of Prince Bismarck's "Reminiscences." The ex-Kaiser when still in the plenitude of his power placed an embargo on its being done. He knew that it contained the story which was epitomised in *Punch's* famous cartoon "Dropping the Pilot." When he was deposed the Chairman of the Reichstag refused to give permission for the issue of the book in Germany. The right to do so has, however, been acquired by the English publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and there has appeared in the *Times* a summary account of its contents. It has therefore become ridiculous that the Berlin publishers are still restrained from making public what is appearing in a translation. One would imagine that there could be no further object in maintaining a show of secrecy since all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot now prevent the story becoming known to the whole German nation. Those who continue in their hearts to have some loyalty towards their late ruler are not likely to change their minds, but all who come to the matter free from prejudice and ancient ties will recognise that in the light of the great Chancellor's story the ex-Kaiser cuts a pitiable figure.

IT becomes increasingly evident that a great demand will be made upon the patriotism alike of Labour and Capital in the immediate future. The threat of a struggle is not confined to this country. It hangs over even the United States, which at one time was adjudged to have spent least and gained most out of the war. But that world-wide calamity is affecting the United States as much as any European country. The American Republic depends largely for its prosperity upon exports and the state of the exchanges, which is only another way of saying the poverty of the whole world, is reacting upon the Americans as much as upon any other nation. It is calculated that there are at present 4,000,000 workers unemployed and

there is no prospect of their being set to work again without a readjustment of prices. Should the high cost of production be maintained, it can have no other effect than that of paralysing industry.

PEOPLE have not the money to give high prices and, whatever their wants, they are obliged to leave them unsupplied until they come within reach of their resources. It is hopeful, however, that in some industries, noticeably in the textile trade, the "hands" have on their own initiative offered to accept wage cuts of from ten to as much as twenty-five per cent. This is an example which should be followed in other industries. The steel output has fallen in the States to little more than half mill-capacity. Railway traffic and earnings are decreasing week by week: coal has fallen to the lowest point of the last four years: and, as a consequence of all this, building operations are being arrested. These facts mean that the fund from which wages are derived is visibly shrinking, and no rhetoric can ensure wages where the capital is passing away.

ALTHOUGH every visitor to the National Gallery is delighted with the effect of the re-arrangement, much yet remains to be done, and the Prime Minister no doubt had this in view in appointing Sir Philip Sassoon a Trustee. A better choice could not have been made. Sir Philip is young and prepared to give a great part of his time to work which falls in with his own predilections. Of the other Trustees, Lord Plymouth and Lord Curzon are very much occupied with official work, and Lord Balcarras, though his knowledge of art is very great indeed, is also very much taken up with Parliamentary duties. Sir Philip Sassoon's mother was Aline, daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild.

EPISODE.

Our eyes, across the tea-room, met and held.
It was not love; it was not friendship; and
I could not understand,
Could not discern what word that contact spelled,
What flame it fanned.

Loud minutes passed; the swift crowds came and went;
You only had some quiet inn aloof,
With open heaven for roof . . .
You stirred; above a printed verse you bent:
You read a proof.

We smiled; the word was found and it was good.
Sharing that light, that love, that fairy din
Floated from Hamelin,
Our eyes had questioned, answered, understood—
For we were kin.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

FOR the beauty of his prose, delicate satire and delicious wit Congreve has scarce an equal, and, amid this season of revivals "Love for Love" was, after a long interval, played by the Phoenix the other day to an enthusiastic audience at Hammersmith. If not his masterpiece, "Love for Love" is a good runner-up, with its Sir Sampson Legend and the incorrigible Valentine, Foresight, Snap and Tattle, a character true to life in every age, Mrs. Frail and Miss Prue, once played by the inimitable Mrs. Jordan. It was the first performance at the New Theatre, Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, when it was opened in 1695, and Cibber says of it that "it ran on with such extraordinary success that they had seldom occasion to act any other play till the end of the season." Much there is in this play, its freedom of speech and a certain coarseness of attitude, as in others of the period which prevents it appealing ever again to a general audience. But so long as the theatre charms or wit delights, Congreve, the spoiled darling of his day, will be from time to time revived and no less enjoyed than upon the first night he was produced, for his work will ever remain a glorious contribution to the dramatic literature of our tongue.

THERE cannot be many scientific men in this country or, indeed, in the world who have held a greater number of responsible positions, received more marks of distinction,

have been awarded more gold medals than Sir Robert Hadfield; yet it is possible that the latest of these honours will be received with as much or even more pride than any of its predecessors. We refer to the award of the John Fritz gold medal by the joint board of the societies of civil, mining, metallurgical, mechanical and electrical engineers of the United States. This medal on two previous occasions has been awarded to Englishmen. The first was Lord Kelvin, for his work in advancing cable telegraphy, and the other was Sir William H. White for his achievements in naval architecture. No higher compliment could be paid to Sir Robert Hadfield than that he should be chosen to follow in these distinguished footsteps.

LAST week we had to go to press earlier than usual owing to the coming of the Easter holidays, and so had no time to notice the very great honour won by Miss Constance Holme. It will be remembered that her novel, "The Splendid Faring," was one of three selected for a final decision in regard to the prize offered by *Femina* and *Vie Heureuse* for the best work of imagination published in England in 1920. The others were Mr. J. D. Beresford's "The Imperfect Mother" and Mrs. William Hicks Beach's "Shuttered Doors." The final decision has now been made in favour of Miss Constance Holme's great novel. Few critics will question the soundness of the verdict, especially when they remember that stress is laid upon the imaginative quality of the work. That is, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of a novel, which, nevertheless, is distinguished also by its style, the appreciation and insight into character. Its crowning praise is that of being a very human book.

NATURE lovers will rejoice that an anonymous donor has very generously purchased the bird sanctuary in the Brent Valley for the purpose of making it an enduring memorial to Gilbert White. The purchase price for twenty-two acres was four thousand five hundred pounds. It is further announced that the cost of more land, promised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at a special price, has been guaranteed as well. It would have been a matter of very great regret if funds had not been forthcoming to purchase this bird sanctuary which since it has been established has provided a safe nesting-place for many thousands of birds and been visited by large numbers of those who delight in hearing and seeing them.

THE Royal Commission which is to decide the great question to lift or not to lift the embargo on the importation of Canadian cattle, has got a task to exercise the keenest intellect. As in all questions, there are two sides, and the wayfaring man will find them stated with considerable precision by Lord Denbigh on the one hand and Mr. Moreton Frewen on the other. How they differ may be shown by quotation. Lord Denbigh, in his letter to Lord Beaverbrook resigning his trusteeship for the debenture-holders of the London *Daily Express* newspaper, says that agriculture cannot be a great and flourishing industry "without very jealous precautions for the safety of our flocks and herds"; in other words, by prohibiting the importation of live cattle from Canada. Mr. Moreton Frewen, who writes in the *Daily Telegraph* in a calmer and more urbane style than that of Lord Denbigh, says, "our incessant encouragement of the dead meat trade by those Contagious Cattle Acts has been the very coffin within which we have entombed British Agriculture."

MR. MORETON FREWEN'S argument is that beef produced by fattening cattle in Canada or on the great prairie farms of Illinois, Ohio and Nebraska, where they are exposed to a temperature of twenty-five degrees below zero for weeks at a time, incurs greater expense because these cattle have to be fed against the cold as well as their natural hunger. It is doubtful if at the end these animals can give beef so tender as that which comes from our more temperate climate. If, instead of this, the young cattle were brought over here and sold by auction at Norwich, he argues that this would

stimulate the fattening industry in Norfolk and elsewhere. That is plain enough. What the Commission has to determine is the greater risk involved in procuring cattle from those distant ranches where there cannot be such methodical vigilance and general look-out for signs of disease as there is in our comparatively small farms. No doubt, to lift the embargo would be to do something that would please Canada, which is very desirable. The whole question resolves itself into the reality of this alleged danger. Our farmers should by all means be protected from the risk of disease, but this risk must be proved. The Canadians claim that at present, at least, it does not exist. The effect on agriculture is to some extent a matter of speculation. The difficulty of obtaining stores just now is well known, and also the expense of it. These must come from somewhere, and Ireland is obviously not to be depended on. We also want more manure in this country, both for growing beet, which is now in the way of being established as an industry, and for the general enrichment of the soil. These are the main considerations to be taken into account by the Royal Commission.

FAUR-YE-WEEL.

As ye come through the Sea Gate, ye'll find a hoose we ken
Whaur, when a man is drouthy, his drouth an' he gang ben;
And whiles, o' nights, there's singin', and aye there's drink by day
And a fiddler-carle sits yonder an' gars his fiddle play:

"O come, ye ancient mariners,
What maitter, soond or lame?
For tho' ye gae on hirplin' tae
Ye'll syne come dancin' hame.
The years are slippin' past ye
Like water by the bows,
Roond half the warld ye've tossed yer dram
But sune ye'll hae tae lowse!"*

The toon is like a picture, the lift is bonnie blue,
The fiddle's cryin' aff the shore on captain, mate an' crew
And them that's had for music the swirl o' gannet's wings,
The winds that drive frae Denmark, they dootna what it sings:
"Come a' ye dandy Baltic lads
That sail by Elsinore,
Ye're newly in, ye'll surely win
Tae hae a spree on shore;
Lairn frae the sea, yer maister,
When Fortune's i' yer debt—
The cauld waves washin' past the bar
Tak' a' that they can get!"

And when the quays are lichtit an' daik the ocean lies,
The daft mune, like a feckless fule, keeks doon tae mock the wise,

Awa in quiet closes the fiddle's voice is heard
Whaur some that should be sleepin' are list'nin' for its word:
"Sae haste-ye then, ye rovin' queyns,
An' gie yer dads the slip,
Tho' dour auld men sit girnin' ben
There's young anes aff the ship;
Gae tak' yer fill o' dancin',
Yer he'rts at hame maun bide,
For the lad that tak's a he'rt tae sea
Will cowp it owre the side!"

And aye the fiddle's playin', the auld bow wauks the string,
The auld carle, stampin' wi' his fit, gies aye the time a swing
Gang east, gang west, ye'll hear it,
It lifts ye like a reel,
It's niver dumb an' the tune sings "Come!"
But its name is "Faur-ye-weel!"

* To cease, to leave off.

VIOLET JACOB.

IN Dr. Ethel Smyth's new book, reviewed in another part of the paper, the chief interest is to be found in the first chapter, which is devoted to recollections of the Empress Eugénie. The author did not know the subject of her essay till the tragic events in her life had become things of the past. It is therefore a curious coincidence that just when her book is published there has been printed for the first time a letter written by Sir John Montagu Burgoyne to Sir Henry Ponsonby in September, 1870, giving details of the way in which her escape was accomplished.

Sir John had taken his yacht to Trouville to meet Lady Burgoyne on August 24th, but they were detained by bad weather and head winds, and though the yacht was made ready for starting on two occasions, following the advice of his pilot, Sir John did not go to sea. On September 6th two strangers came on board and asked to be allowed to see an English yacht. One of them in private told Sir John the Empress was concealed in Deauville and asked if she could be taken over to England. The request was

complied with, and after at least one adventure the Empress was brought on board, weeping bitterly. In very heavy weather the *Gazelle*—that was the name of the yacht—brought its royal burden safely to Ryde. Sir John Burgoyne's chief reason in writing this letter to Sir Henry Ponsonby was to establish the fact that he had been in no conspiracy—there had been no previous arrangement of any kind to bring off the Empress. It all came about by the purest accident.

THE VINE HUNT

THE Vine country has a long history. Its origin goes right back into the middle of the eighteenth century. The rise and development of this Hunt illustrate the process which was going on all over England of the gradual evolution of our Hunts from trencher-fed packs of harriers, ready to hunt a fox if they found one, to the fully organised Hunts of the present day.

Hampshire, in spite of many disadvantages from the hunting man's point of view, in spite of cold, chalky hills, deep clay vales, huge woodlands and scenting properties nowhere first-rate, has been and is still as thoroughly hunted as any county in England, has boasted as many good packs of hounds and more first-rate huntsmen, headed by the other Tom Smith, Mr. Villebois and his servants, Sharpe (the Prince's huntsman) and many others. The Hampshire hunting was carried on by trencher-fed or private packs, which had no particular country but hunted where they could. Indeed, it was said of the hunting men of that day (before 1791) that when they mounted their

horses in the morning they were never sure with what pack they would find themselves hunting. An old farmer about this period used to declare that when a young man he used to ride to the top of Popham Beacons and that he would be pretty sure to hear hounds running below on one side or the other. He added that the pack that reached the covert first found *the* fox or hare—the others had none to find. About 1791 the Vine Hunt comes into the light of history, when Mr. Chute of the Vyne, who had begun to keep foxhounds a year or two earlier, succeeded to the Vine on the death of his father, and continued to hunt the country, with a short interval when he gave up the country to the Prince of Wales (George IV) until 1824. Mr. Chute formed a pack of hounds for his country. He preferred, as "Nimrod" tells us, a small hound with great bone and substance, and, no doubt, he found that on the Hampshire Wolds (much rougher and wilder then than now) the smaller hounds cut their feet less. "Multum in Parvo" was the motto above Mr. Chute's kennel door. "Nimrod" writes rather slightly



ACROSS THE RIDE.

of Mr. Chute as a sportsman. I do not know why, for Mr. Chute was a Master of hounds for more than thirty years, and the Hunt is to this day called after the name of his house. So far as I can trace the history of the pack, there is no direct connection between the pack at present at the Overton kennels and that of Mr. Chute. The present pack belongs to the country and seems to owe a great deal to the Warwickshire hounds, Harper and Tarquin, of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke's time. The Vine country has had a good many masters since 1824, and has the honour of being one of the foxhound packs that has had a woman as Master. Lady Portal helped the Hunt over a very difficult time from 1913 to 1915. Then a committee kept things going, and at present Mr. Gosling, who was at one time Master of the neighbouring country of the Garth, is the Master.

It was only by degrees that Mr. Chute established his exclusive right to hunt the country, a country which was much the same then as now. At one time the South Berks drew Pamber Forest and some of the Vine woodland country, but this part of the country was reclaimed after the death of Mr. Hargreaves of the South Berks. The town of Basingstoke is a convenient centre and is very handy for London and Aldershot

of Mr. Wroughton's Gaylad, a charming grandson of Belvoir Dexter and in many ways like that famous hound. The Vine, moreover, makes good huntsmen. It teaches them to be quick. Old Sharpe, the Prince Regent's huntsman, first with stag-hounds, then with foxhounds in Hampshire, learned this. A fussy little sportsman, afraid that Sharpe would remember his staghound experience, said: "Now, Sharpe, you must get away quickly with the fox. You cannot give a fox here more than five minutes' law." "Shan't give him one if I can help it," was the answer. The present huntsman is Ernest Jones, who whipped-in to the South Berks under Mr. Boileau. At present the Vine have a pack of twenty couples, which, considering the Hampshire flints and the hounds' feet, is none too much for two days a week.

To turn to the sketches. The artist's eye for a country has enabled him to give us most characteristic bits of country. The hounds are being blown out of Dean Wood, which holds such stout foxes, but to which they cling desperately and from which they are unwilling to break. We ask ourselves whether the huntsman is blowing his hounds out because the wood was blank, or is it because the fox has foiled the ground? The huntsman is, at all events, going across the valley to draw Hanging



BLOWING HOUNDS OUT OF DEAN WOOD.

sportsmen. As far back as the 'eighties soldiers from Aldershot often came over to hunt with the Vine, and, perhaps, there are some men still living who will recollect when a small band of Oxford and Cambridge sportsmen reading law in town used to snatch a day with the Vine on hirelings, travelling down to Basingstoke and back in the day; and, indeed, I believe that the history and pictures of this article will appeal to many men in the City. It is not very long ago since I travelled to town with a well known City sportsman who told me he had been hunting with the Vine.

The Vine is not a good scenting country every day, although I have seen hounds run fast over the wolds. In the vale the pack can often beat the horses when the going is deep, and the steep banks and wide ditches steady the followers. For the most part the hounds have plenty of room, and there is no country where we can see hounds hunting better than in the Vine.

The Vine is a country which needs a good pack, for the more difficult a country is the more the pack requires drive and resolution, and I quite understand why many Masters of the Vine have shown a liking for Warwickshire and Belvoir blood. In Lady Portal's first season the Vine put on several couples by the late Lord Portman's Palafox, a great worker and a son

Croft. This, with the wood on the hillside, the plough between, and the stubbs and cut hazel in the foreground, is typical Hampshire country. Or, again, we can recall many scenes like "The Catchy Scent on the Plough" and Overton Tower as a landmark to tell us where we are. The sketch of hounds returning to kennel at Overton suggests to us that if the Hampshire sportsman has not the best of hunting countries in the winter, yet he can employ the off season in catching Test or Itchen trout; that is, if he has skill enough. But, perhaps, we ought not to write of the trout fishing season as the off season in Hampshire. It is one of the glories of the county. Then there is the sketch of "Fox Marked to Ground"—well, if you live and hunt in Hampshire that is too often the finish of a hunt. Hampshire, wherever I know it, is very difficult to stop. It was a famous Hampshire Master, "Gentleman" Smith, who proposed doing away with all the earths in the autumn in order to have more stub-bred foxes. But the idea never caught on. Whether the vixens thought the situations too exposed, which is possible, or the Masters and huntsmen thought that it was offering too great a temptation to fox-stealers, which is likely, Hampshire cubs are still laid up underground.



A CATCHY SCENT ON THE PLOUGH.



FOX MARKED TO GROUND.
A typical Hampshire covert.



HOUNDS RETURNING TO KENNEL AT OVERTON.

The little gadgets on the black collars of the Hunt servants are vine leaves. This was a pretty idea introduced by Lady Portal during the seasons when she was Master; and these little badges will remain to the Hunt as a reminder of a period of wonderful sport when crowds of

soldiers from Aldershot took their first (and, alas! in many cases their last) look at hounds with the Vine Hunt under a Master whose husband's family was connected by descent with the founder of the Hunt and who spared no pains to preserve it. X.

DIARY OF A BRITISH OFFICER AND SPORTSMAN IN EAST AFRICA

BY THE LATE LIEUT. FRANK DAWSON-SMITH, 5TH KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

[We cannot better describe the gallant officer from whose diary we make some excerpts than by quoting a letter from a brother officer to his mother: "Your son was engaged on work of tremendous importance, a perilous undertaking, which he carried through with cool intrepidity, indomitable pluck, honour and success. He paid for it with his life. But it is men like him who have made the British Empire."—Ed.]

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1918.—Kilindini, which we reached to-day, has a most beautiful harbour down a long, natural channel with palms, baobab trees, etc., growing on both sides.

September 12th.—Awoke to find ourselves passing through the game reserve. Close to the train and taking no notice of it were literally thousands of buck, hartebeest, eland, Thomson's gazelles, impala, gnu, ostriches and giraffes. We saw also a splendid secretary bird and a lot of giant bustards. Passed Tsavo, famous for lions. Had breakfast at Kiu and saw Kilimanjaro. Arrived Nairobi at noon. Then drove in rickshaw to camp two miles out. Here I engaged my nigger servant or "boy," a Kavirondo, who knows no English. I talk to him in Swahili, so we manage to converse satisfactorily.

September 13th.—Rickshawed into Nairobi and got a mosquito net, although there are no mosquitoes here; it is too high and dry. We are almost on the Equator, but situated 6,000ft. above sea level.

September 14th.—Had a good long trek to Mbagatha across the bush. It is not a town, only the camp and a native village. It is higher than Nairobi—7,000ft. In front of us are Sheba's Breasts (as described in "King Solomon's Mines"). Here I slept in a *kibanda* (which is Swahili for hut) made of grass. A delightful abode and very comfortable. We have swarms of rats, which I do not mind, except when they sit on my camp bed and squeak. At night we are serenaded

by crowds of jackals and the weird laughter of hyænas. Buck often run through the camp. Last week a zebra was bayoneted by a sentry. There are thousands of zebras about.

September 15th.—Brereton and I trekked to Sheba's Breasts, eight miles away. We had three *wapagazi* (porters) to carry our stuff. We can get as many of these niggers as we like; they come for love of the sport and the meat. We saw lots of game—buck, zebra, giant bustard, etc.—but everything was very wild, owing to a bush fire which had caused a lot of destruction. The bush is a mass of long grass, bushes and trees of all sorts, intersected by lovely ravines. Our *wapagazi* made fires and we had our grub in the bush, and made tea. They have eyes like hawks.

October 8th.—I am sending you a few "snaps" which will interest you. I'm as fit as a fiddle. There's any amount of shooting round here—Mbagatha, Ngong Hills and Sheba's Breasts. I have shot all sorts of buck and zebra, besides swarms of pigeons, bush fowl and partridges. We make up a shooting-party each week-end, taking about a dozen or more *wapagazi* to carry our camp kit. They carry our valises on their heads, also the meat. It is amusing to watch these men at night. I always shoot a zebra for them, and they cut off huge joints and take them to our camping site. We choose a sheltered spot near a stream and the "boys" make a fire at once. They sit up most of the night toasting

pieces of zebra, holding it on sticks over the fire. For breakfast we usually have buck-liver—topping stuff!—in addition to a variety of other things. Sometimes we strike a Masai village and get a few mealies which are excellent. The Masai own huge herds of cattle. They are magnificent-looking men—quite a distinct and higher type of native. They carry huge spears and a kind of knob-kerry. The country is very picturesque and crammed with animal and bird life. At night we are awakened by lions, among other exciting incidents. We have to set a guard over our dead buck at night or the hyenas would come into our camp and steal them. One day I shot a pigeon, and before I could pick it up a huge tawny eagle swooped down and tried to take it away, and would have done so had I not settled the dispute by shooting the eagle. It had a spread of 6ft. One night an enormous rat came into my *banda*; the place is full of them, but this was some variety of bush rat. I hit it on the head and have its skin as a trophy. It measured 2ft. 6ins. in length, and this without any stretching of its body. The Museum Manager at Nairobi told me that it was a rather rare variety, but he had one 3ft. in length. *What a rat!* It looks as if it had been fed on Wells' "food of the gods." A mongoose also paid me a visit. I hit it on the head and have its skin. We haven't many monkeys about here except baboons, of which there are plenty. I saw a nice leopard a week ago, but I couldn't get near enough to shoot it. I made, however, a good haul of other game. I killed one reed buck and two bush buck with a 12-bore loaded with No. 2 shot. These bush buck are large creatures, but it is almost impossible to shoot them with a rifle, as they rest during the day in clumps of thick undergrowth or grass. So I walk along and put them up like a rabbit. It is very exciting. Quite suddenly there is a great rush and out bursts a buck, followed by my shot. I am leaving Mbagatha one day this week and going on another 1,000 miles to Zanzibar.

October 15th.—Last Saturday I shot a great bustard which made fine eating. Then I potted a magnificent Batchen's eagle,

7ft. from wing to wing and very handsome. It had grey and black wings above, rich red-brown back, black head with large crest, crimson cheeks, black belly and black and white underneath wings. My *banda* was smothered with skins of birds and animals before leaving. Also I had two live pets. One was a topping little monkey, ridiculously tame. It always jumped on to my shoulder directly I entered the *banda*, and sat there contentedly as long as I allowed it. The other pet was a young antelope which followed me about everywhere. I fed it on milk from a bottle. I was sorry to part with them, but, *nolens volens*, I had to give them away when I left. I am

now *en route* for Kilindini, on the coast, where I embark for Dar-es-Salaam in "German" East Africa.

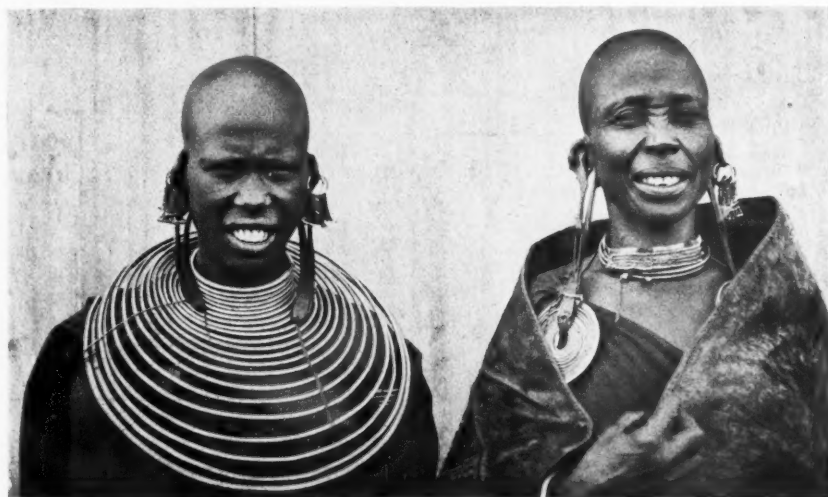
November 11th.—I am still at Dar-es-Salaam on garrison duty. It is very pretty, on a beautiful bay, and with enormous numbers of coconut palms everywhere. I am billeted in a fine big stone house previously owned by some Boche. It is very hot, but I am as right as rain again now. Bananas, oranges, pineapples and paw-paws are very plentiful. A paw-paw looks like a vegetable marrow and tastes something like melon. They grow in clusters on a small tree. I generally eat about fifteen to twenty bananas, two oranges and one paw-paw daily! Our war news is good, I am glad to say. The Hun is being made to pay, and a good job too. I must get somebody to "snap" my platoon; it is a very big one. All commands are given in English, but "ticking off" is done in Swahili.



THE DIARIST'S SHOOTING SAFARI NEAR THE NGONG HILLS.



WAPAGAZI (NATIVE PORTERS) CARRYING KIT ACROSS A STREAM.



NATIVE WOMEN WITH PIERCED EARS.



THE DIARIST AND SOME OF HIS BAG—HARTEBEEST, TAWNY EAGLES AND ZEBRA.

December 8th.—This is my first letter for some weeks. I am in hospital recovering from the wound in my shoulder and had a ticklish time. I am to be sent to Kijabe Convalescent Home, 7,000ft. up the mountains, as soon as I am reported fit to travel. I am looking forward to it as there is any amount of shooting there.

December 16th.—Feeling fit again. Yesterday Brereton came with a motor, well stocked with grub, and carried me off for a day's sport. We reached our goal—the Athi River, sixteen miles away—and selected a spot where we left the car in charge of two *askaris* (native soldiers). We had fine sport, returning for lunch and tea to the car. I shot a lot of pigeons, herons, plaitain-eaters and a big variety of cormorant. A lot of these fell in the river, to the joy of a few 4ft. crocodiles. I also shot a huge tortoise which was sitting on a log with its neck out. At 6.30 we started on our return journey. It was full moon and there was plenty of game. Brereton shot a nice zebra at 150yds. by moonlight—a fine shot! I shot a gnu—about the size of a bull—at fairly close quarters. Our *askaris* cut their throats (the animals', not the *askaris*!) and then cut off the legs and odd slabs of meat which filled the front of the car, and then we drove back in triumph to the hospital after a topping day's sport.

January, 1919.—Here I am at Kijabe Convalescent Home. It was formerly owned by a German and is four miles from the station and a steady climb up-hill. Mules were awaiting us at Kijabe Station. Before I left I was strongly warned against riding a mule called Strawberry. This brute had gained an unenviable notoriety for throwing his riders. I clean forgot the warning until I was half way up the hill. Then I casually asked the sergeant-major who was with us to point out the beast of ill-repute, so that I might avoid him. He looked bewildered for a moment and then said: "Why, sir, you are riding Strawberry!" I roared out laughing, which might really have been resented by Strawberry, but personally I have nothing against him. He behaved in most exemplary fashion with me. The scenery here is wonderful—mountains and forests and plains. In the distance are the great Naivasha Lake and Longonot volcano. The other morning two of us climbed the hill above the house

in search of buck. Their spoor was everywhere, but we did not see the animals. Suddenly I heard a rush and scramble through the trees, and, looking up, I saw, to my intense surprise and joy, a colobus leaping from bough to bough. A colobus is a rare and very beautiful monkey of large size. Their skins are very much sought after and valuable. Fortunately I had my 12-bore loaded with buck-shot and I aimed straight. The colobus clung to a branch and then fell from a great height to the ground. We took several "snaps," one of me holding my colobus. We skinned it on the spot, as the animal was far too heavy to carry. As we were skinning it a baboon came and barked at us. They bark exactly like a dog. Wilkinson put a bullet through its boko. The next day a party of us went out on a shooting trip. We found plenty of spoor of leopard and buffalo, but saw none of the animals. We found a lot of large bush buck but could not get a shot. Strange to say, on the return I potted another colobus in exactly the same place, so now I have two skins. The skins are black and white with very long hair and a big bushy white tail, like a huge fox's. Yesterday eight of us rode on mules to Longonot, a distance of nine miles across the plain. I rode Rosie this time, not Strawberry, and she proved very quiet and tractable. We climbed the Longonot volcano and looked down into the extinct crater. It was a wonderful sight. It formed a natural arena with the rock in a perfect circle, and we looked sheer down a great height into the crater. There was a lot of lion and leopard spoor about, but no sight of the creatures themselves. After lunch and tea on the side of the mountain Keyworth and I did a bit of stalking. We tried to secure some kongoni, but the herd was so large that some of the beasts spotted us. I tried a long shot, but think I missed completely. When we got back we found a foolish *askari* had wounded a lion and had tried to follow up the animal in dense bush—a mad proceeding! He was badly mauled and only escaped death by the intervention of another *askari* who managed to kill the lion.

January 10th.—Went to Naivasha Lake, a huge expanse of water, 100 miles round. I shot eighteen fine ducks and geese which swarm there.



TAWNY EAGLE: A SPREAD OF SIX FEET.



A WARRIOR WITH HIS POISONED ARROW.

DR. ETHEL SMYTH'S REMINISCENCES*

DR. ETHEL SMYTH possesses many rare qualifications for writing the autobiographical essays of which this volume is made up. Her brilliant musical career has brought her into contact with many celebrities, and her penetrating sympathetic insight has, over and over again, changed mere acquaintance into close friendship and communion. Then she has wit, humour and a power of observation that enables her to divine what entertainment may sometimes be extracted from the most casual fellow passengers in a railway carriage. But these advantages would be in vain did she not command the supreme merit of style. Like Goethe, and Tennyson quoting from him, she might say it did not come to her in sleep. Her English may be likened to many things, but to none more appropriately than a whip wielded with the skill and finish of an artist, sometimes falling with a caressing grace meant to encourage rather than to hurt; sometimes with a turn of the wrist and a flick that cuts; anon with a precision that touches the exact spot where it can most be felt. It is unnecessary to say after this that her style is keen, hard and absolutely without "wool." Perhaps it will surprise her to hear that at least one reader, though he thoroughly enjoyed her pictures of empresses and queens, kaisers, chancellors, famous men and women in the first rank, found her "Adventure in a Train" to be the most striking bit of genius in the book. Yet it is but an analysis of a creature that most people would not think worth the trouble. She is "a middle-aged woman whose appearance, without amounting to disreputability, suggested that once upon a time she might have been 'gay.'" Her dress could not have been invented, though it is inventory; at any rate, it completes the picture: "The brown, frizzy front bursting forth from beneath her beflowered head-gear, and the short bugle-fringed cape with crewel-work pinned in festoons round its neck, carried off and bade defiance to a shabby skirt and a remarkably easy pair of boots." Now let the reader conjure up to himself the picture presented to him of the interior of that railway carriage. Here is this bedizened woman who plainly has just emerged from a refreshment room where she has had more than enough and is ever and anon going to sleep. Next to her is the vigilant Dr. Smyth with her notebook and pencil, writing furiously while the slumber lasts, then prodding her up to say something more, and finally bestowing on her the guerdon of half a crown. We are not going to spoil the reader's pleasure by a great deal of quotation, but her account of the woman's memory of her brother's death and its conclusion are inimitable:

"Ah," she went on, with melancholy satisfaction, "he did die handsome, and so did my poor sister, singing:

"Jesus and the Brides are come,
Freely, freely, freely . . ."

It is narrated that she chanted these lines in a sort of sing-song, after which, dropping into the colloquial, she added as it were in parenthesis, "then the baby came and off she went." And we must quote this expression of her gratitude:

"When I got into this carriage," she sobbed, her voice gradually rising in a sort of *crescendo* howl, "the word I said was: 'If ever I see a Heart o' GOLD . . . that's one!'"

This was seeing life indeed!

Now let us turn to the fair ladies and great lords with whom the book is mostly concerned. First and foremost must be placed the figure of the Empress Eugénie, with whom Dr. Ethel Smyth formed a deep friendship when they lived in contiguity to one another near Farnborough. The way in which a little detail can suggest a fine picture is aptly exemplified in a remark about the gliding walk of the Empress: it was at Venice when a *festa* was going on and the Piazza was thronged every night. The Empress Eugénie always liked to wander about unknown in a crowd

But if you lost her it was easy to find her again, for though there were scores of *tussore* parasols lined with green, none moved among the packed heads as did hers, without jerk or oscillation.

Thus once more by her gait the goddess was disclosed! The Empress had a strong sense of gratitude and friendship for Queen Victoria, and in the little paper about the latter there occurs this passage, which brings out very clearly, but without undue stress, the difference between the two sovereigns:

It was not the Queen's way, and not according to the tradition she had been brought up. n, to put you at your ease, as some Sovereigns do, and bring about anything distantly approaching conversation. But the Empress, who was the most socially competent of beings, talked away cheerfully in her own easy, delightful fashion, all in adopting a manner I had hitherto seen no trace of and which was reserved

exclusively for the Queen—something of the manner of an unembarrassed but attentive child talking to its grandmother.

After reading not only the chapter devoted to Eugénie but all the various references in the book one is left with that perplexity about her which would probably have been the result of familiar intercourse in actual life. In some respects she seemed bereft of wit or humour. It was almost impossible to make her see a joke, and yet many witty drolleries came from her own lips. For instance, how deftly the blind optimism characteristic of the English people is hit off in the following few words:

"If a man were falling from the top of the Monument," she once said, "you would hear him exclaiming, as he turned in mid-air: 'It'll all come right in the end!'"

Another aspect is just as penetratingly conveyed in this:

She was fond of pointing out that no nation is less given to prolonged sojourn beside the domestic hearth than the English. "You are always somewhere else," she said, "et voilà le peuple qui ne se lasse pas de chanter à tout propos 'ome sweet 'ome!'"

To go back to the contradictions in her character another was that in general she was calm and quiet, but she had a natural violence of temperament.

I think no one can ever have had greater natural violence of temperament than the Empress. Age may be supposed to have mitigated it, but as late as 1918 I have seen her possessed by a passion of wrath and pouring forth a torrent of magnificent invective such as few young women could emulate.

Scandal had a good deal to say about her at various stages of her career, but Dr. Smyth with characteristic frankness disposes of it. She had one lover and only one. That she had not more is attributable more to temperament than anything else:

One of the strangest things about her was that, notwithstanding this unquenchable fire within, you felt instinctively that love can never have played a great part in her life. People have said that her skill, as Caesar's wife, in avoiding the breath of scandal, is a great proof of her "cleverness," but I suspect it was still more a case of absence from temptation from within. She was not tender, for one thing, nor imaginative; and imagination plays a great part, I think, in women's love affairs. Above all, not to beat about the bush, there was no sensuality in her composition. Age has nothing to do with it.

The chapter entitled "A Winter of Storm" is a relation of the author's experience in Germany while the Boer War was going on and she was busy about the production of her opera "Der Wald." It abounds with references to the notabilities of Berlin. Dr. Smyth formed a close friendship with Madame Bülow, wife of the famous Chancellor, and in this way got introduced to the Kaiser, of whom she gives the following pen picture made at a time when he was in his glory:

Presently, with no sort of fuss, in came the Emperor. He was in a sort of black mess jacket, with aiguillettes, and looked extraordinarily like a Sixth Form boy. He is very like the Royal Family, but a much cleaner-cut, harder, browner face, and a wonderful "outlook," though his eyes are not as good as his mother's. His walk is splendid—just what you would expect—and the main effect is one of the greatest conceivable quickness of intelligence, and, strange to say, kindness and good manners. I don't know what else to call it, but it is the acme of naturalness and easiness.

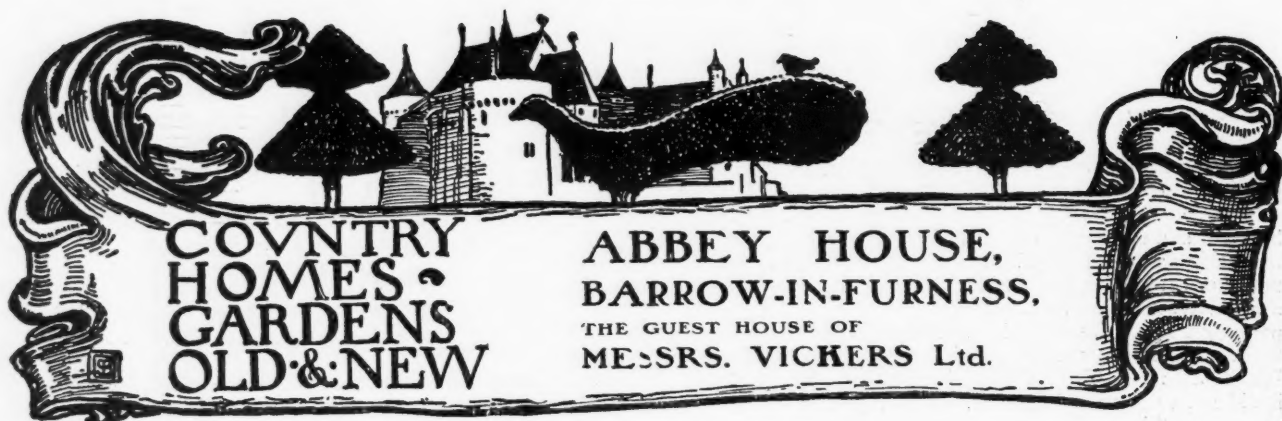
It is tempting to go on quoting from a book in which there is not an uninteresting page. But enough has probably been said to send the reader to it. He will not come away disappointed.

* *Streaks of Life*, by Dr. Ethel Smyth. Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

Things That Have Interested Me, by Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus, 9s.)

SOME years ago a critic wrote concerning Mr. Arnold Bennett: "What we miss in his books is the note of what we may call spirituality—the idea that there is in man something that cannot be satisfied by mere material things. . . . He is preoccupied with the trivial." And, reading these jottings from a novelist's notebook, we are reminded of the criticism, for Mr. Arnold Bennett does not change as time goes on, in the sense that, for instance, Mr. Wells changes. He enlarges his experience and his craftsmanship, but he does not enlarge his spiritual borders. There were never any vistas to Mr. Bennett's work, and there are none now. Even when he is writing about literature or art or music we feel this sort of closure applied; Mr. Bennett has said his say, and there is an end of the matter; he has been perfectly clear, and he is perfectly well satisfied with himself. But we are not all satisfied with him; where is the blue distance on which the heart may dream? Where, left ajar, a gate upon eternity? Where, among so many smooth stones, bread? No wonder Mr. Bennett cannot read Henry James! However, many of these things that have interested Mr. Bennett—prize fights, barbers, funny stories, minor vexations of the war, and so on—will interest, and in much the same way, his very large public. They are written with the art, which Mr. Bennett has brought to perfection, of arresting and holding the attention until they are read, the art of good journalism. And they are the product of a mind alert and inclined, in mundane matters, to an enlightened liberalism. What they lack is permanent value.

V. H. F.

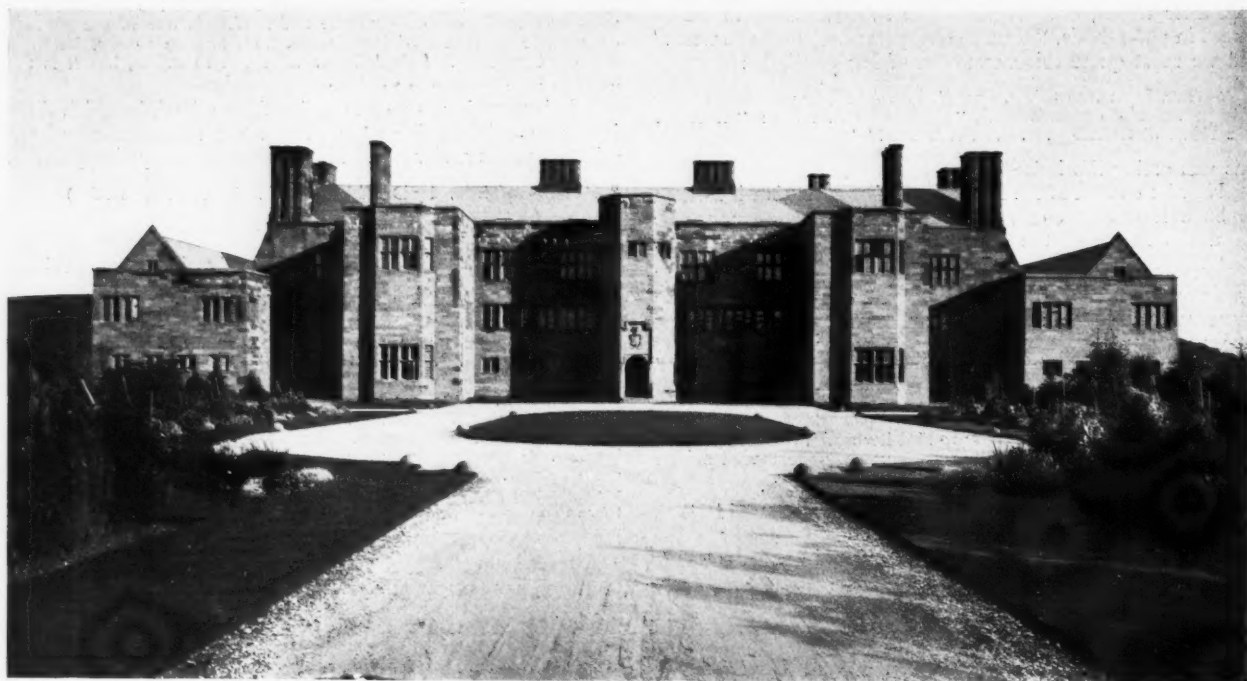


SIR EDWIN LUTYENS is always at his best when there is some difficulty to be overcome in the disposition of his planning. Nowhere, perhaps, is this better illustrated than in the house called "Greystones," which he built near North Berwick for the late Alfred Lyttelton. Symmetry was required on the entrance front, which faced, I think, south-east, and also on the side seen from the links, namely, the west; while comfort desired an open loggia facing south, but was denied it, for various insurmountable reasons, at the south end of the building. Sir Edwin satisfied these diverging necessities by making the house triangular in general arrangement, with a semicircular front facing south-east as required; while to the east he constructed his loggia, which thus was exposed to the southern sun and overlooked the forecourt. I have cited this instance at some length, not only because both Greystones and the Abbey House are of very similar architecture, but because, in the latter, there was also a difficulty to be surmounted in the planning; though, in the house under review, it arose, not from situation, but from internal requirements. The difficulty was the dual purpose which the house was required to perform—namely, to provide a home for the Managing Director of the Barrow works (Sir James McKechnie, K.B.E.) and a lodging for distinguished visitors to the works, who would come sometimes singly—as came the Prince of Siam last year—and at others in considerable numbers, for the launching of great ships or for congresses. In short, on the one hand, a compact and homely residence was desired, and, on the other, something like a private hotel. It was a happy inspiration to adopt the H plan of Tudor building, where the similar necessity of lodging for the lord and his family, with the certainty of numerous guests and retainers making periodical descents on the house, had caused the H plan to be evolved from the more haphazard arrangements of the Middle Ages. The Great Hall, with the private apartments at one end and the offices at the other, was an ideal and ready-made disposition for the Abbey House; though the modern aversion of

captains of industry to having a shake-down either in the chamber of their host or in front of the hall fire called for certain modifications.

The choice of style was thus limited to Tudor and Elizabethan. The nature of the site further reduced the possibilities, for the Abbey House stands in a spot swept by all the winds of heaven and—so one is told by those who live there—of other quarters. Facing south, the ground falls suddenly at your feet, and the Furness Railway, though hidden by trees, runs along the valley past the glorious red ruins of the Abbey, while, beyond, the land rises again as steeply and resumes its plateau-like formation. Eastward, blue and mysterious, rise the Lancashire Fells, and to the west the sky is lit by the blast furnaces at night; while from the roof of the house can be seen by day monster cranes in ranks, raised up on their steel legs, in appearance like a company of Mr. Wells' Martians. In such an exposed position, therefore, the airy conceits of Henry VIII would have been incongruous and draughty and, with the quantities of red sandstone available, all pointed to Late Elizabethan style—the same as that used at Greystones.

This style, however, needed modification, and the manner adopted in this process was that of the architect at the time of designing. It seems to the writer that Sir Edwin Lutyens' development is to be best understood by dividing it into three periods, which follow each other, so far as necessity permits them, chronologically. The first stage may be called the Picturesque, the second the Palladian, and the third the Piranesian. In the first stage Mr. Lutyens was hampered by the natural restrictions laid upon young architects—for most of his picturesque work (in which is included the bizarre as well as the conventional) was done in the 'nineties. The second period, during which his work raised him into the first rank of living architects, began in 1902-3. His designs for Little Thakeham in Sussex, Papillon Hall in Leicestershire, and Monkton, near Singleton, all date from those years. In these the Tudor tradition which Mr. Lutyens had hitherto been



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1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The symphony of the elevation reliant almost entirely upon the circular sweep of the drive.



Copyright.

2.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE EAST.
Vertical light and shade only, save for the slightly projecting coping.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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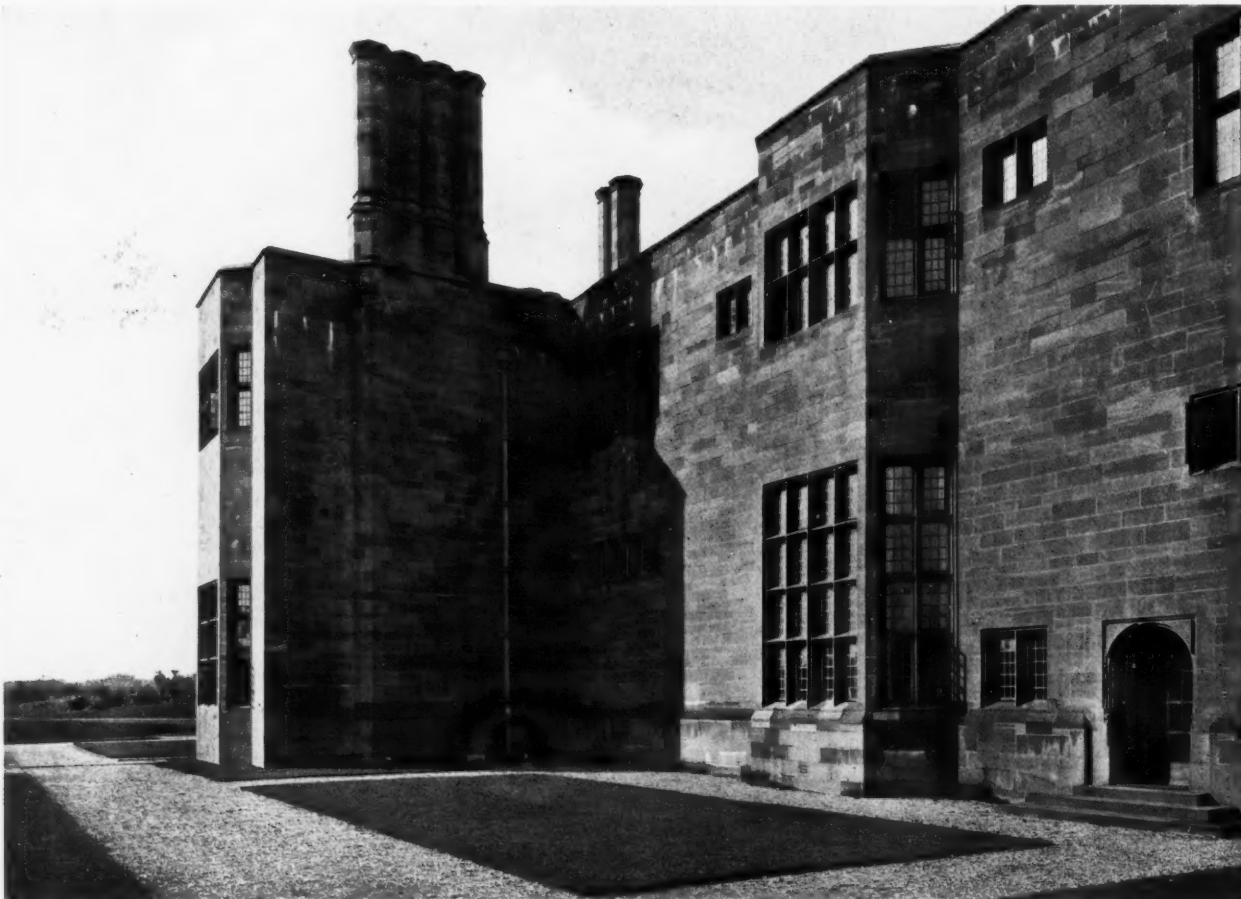
3.—THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the pavilion-like ends of the building.

following as being the true style of England, was being gradually ousted by the revived genius of Palladio. The seventeenth century Renaissance was being fought out again in miniature on Mr. Lutyens' drawing-board. The latter part of the period, which lasted till 1912 or so, became increasingly Palladian and culminated in Heathcote, Ilkley—a house of moderate size, Italian to the chimney-pots, but as Yorkshire as Carr himself. There followed a Georgian phase after a short interval of restorations at Lindisfarne and Lambay (Ireland), during which Great Maytham was built for Mr. Tennant, and the Salutation at Sandwich. In 1912, however, the Palladian period ended and

something new and strange took its place. The style is large, often monumental, with vast potentialities; starting in a small way it inspired Folly Farm—an eccentric but sound house—and was then adopted in Sir Edwin's Hampstead Garden City work, various London houses, in designs for the Edward VII Memorial and finally in the designs for Delhi. Here the dependence on balance, mass and proportion, as in Piranesi's "Prisons," obtains full scope. While full of ideas on this giant scale the Cenotaph was required—which relies entirely on exquisite proportion for its effect—and here I apologise to Sir Edwin for calling him Piranesian; the difference between



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4.—THE WEST END OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A severity of outline almost grim.

them is that the Piranesi of the Prisons was a mad genius, while the Cenotaph could only have been kept in hand by a sane one.

The exterior of the Abbey House depends on symmetry and light and shade, and vertical shadows at that; cornice and string-course have both been sacrificed, and a slightly projecting coping, that gives the roof-line in perspective a severity of outline almost grim, is the only vestige of horizontal shadow. Fig. 4 of the west end of the south front, and Fig. 2, the entrance front from the east, illustrate this severity of line; especially the latter, which shows that quality, so hard to define, which

inconvenience of having kitchen smoke driven into the first floor bedrooms, it seems that these essential parts of the composition would look less detached had they each a couple of good stacks on them; however, when the question of kitchen smoke is involved there must be no pandering to elegance. Before quitting the exterior mention must be made of such details as the side doors, each of which is slightly different in the manner of treating the arch, and of the rain-water heads, which bear a graceful device of three lilies and conventional honeysuckle issuing from a vase. The principal doorway is



Copyright.

5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Note the low cornice and dome vaulting.

I have called Piranesian. Fig. 1, of the front, shows to perfection the poetry, the symphony of the elevation—reliant almost entirely on the circular sweep of the approach. If the theory of modern painting is "patterns," this view shows the relation of architecture to painting. Fig. 3 of the south front gives another view of the rather unusual pavilion-like ends of the building; Sir Edwin has taken such pains to keep them clear of chimney-stacks—having taken the flues up to the corners of the main block on a slope visible in Fig. 1—that he obviously had strong views upon the subject. Except, however, the

surmounted by the arms of the firm. Apart from the warm red sandstone of which it is built and a slightly embanked terrace on the south front, rendered necessary by a gentle slope in that direction, the house owes nothing to nature, whether applied or utilised, and, most likely, never will, considering its windswept position; but for that very reason it is possible to judge the house on its architectural merits alone, and on those grounds no terms of praise are too high.

A glance at the plan will show the manner in which is contrived the private end of the house, with its living-room—

a pleasing apartment with two bow windows facing south and east and a deep open hearth. The other end of the wing is taken up with a kitchen and larder, while a small room between the two serves as pantry and serving-room. The equipment is completed by a private entrance and lavatory, while a stair eads to the bedroom.

The apartments usually referred to in another part of this article under the title of reception-rooms are grouped round the great hall (Fig. 6), the proportions of which necessitated the insertion of a mezzanine floor of bedrooms facing north. As, however, the dining and billiard and drawing-rooms are of the same height as the hall, the majority of the bedrooms are higher up, on the first floor proper, fed by a broad passage along the north side that corresponds in extent to the space shown on the plan between the inner walls of the two principal wings. On the plan this space is occupied by a lobby and, at each end, lavatories. On the south this length of front is devoted to the Great Hall, of which the portion eastward of the oriel window is filled by the block of the stairs. These have been used to form the screen of a sixteenth century hall and the gallery,

of the space above them, make this space into a passage and prevent its being as cosy as the fireplace of a billiard-room should be. The rest of the room is lofty, with a dado at the height of the ceiling of the part shown in the illustration. The wing corresponding to the drawing-room is filled by the wagon-vaulted dining-room (Fig. 9), the north end of which, shown in the illustration, contains a "minstrels' gallery. The doors admitting both to the room and the gallery are more highly ornamented than others in the house. The two gallery doors are flanked each by a heavy swag of fine fruit carving, while the lower doors have pediments and consoles like to those above the hall fireplace; here, however, the latter are less aimless, serving to enrich the overdoor space. Some excellent work has also been expended upon a couple of wreaths above the white marble hearth, in which the workmanship has the vigour and delicacy of Gibbons. The progress of food to the dining-room is direct, and passes through another larger pantry-service room with plate warmers, etc. Comfortable offices and servants' rooms fill this eastern end of the building, where a tradesman's entrance corresponds to the private entry at the other end.



Copyright.

6.—THE GREAT HALL FROM THE BILLIARD ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the staircase formed to resemble a screen and gallery.

seen on the extreme left of Fig. 6, which usually surmounted it. The hall itself, as are all the other panelled rooms, is lined with unstained oak, surmounted in this case by a cornice including a line of rather weak acanthus leaf work. The red stone bolection moulded hearth is surmounted by two consoles which serve no apparent purpose and contribute little to the design. Two doors at the west end of the hall lead respectively to the drawing and billiard rooms; the former (Fig. 5) is, perhaps, the most successful in the house, with its low cornice and dome vaulting and the *motif* of the ceiling repeated as a great wreath in low relief over the white marble mantelpiece. Figs. 5, 6 and 8 also illustrate the pleasant method, universally adopted in this house, of placing radiators in the windows and encasing them in a screen of balusters. Through the drawing-room is attained the card-room, an apartment of half height, in which an excellent overmantel and fireplace of white and *fleur de pêche* marble are to be found. The billiard room, of full height, again, has, however, a low ceilinged end, shown in Fig. 7, where the fireplace is flanked by two pillars of black serpentine and white marbles and two alcoves. But the doors, with the pleasant treatment

Space alone forbids our showing pictures of the bedrooms, which are simple and airy, though every detail, from the lead-work on the casements to the moulding of the cornice, is good. Directly above the hall is a suite known as the Prince's Suite; two bedrooms, a sitting-room and a bathroom are included, of which the former have coved ceilings. The bathroom, like each of the other eight visitors' bathrooms, has received no less attention from the architect than the drawing-room itself. Perhaps the pleasantest arrangement is that of oak balusters forming a casing to the bath and supporting the lavatory basin. Chintz can be put behind this screen, though it has not been done in the case of this house. Especially do the bedrooms strike the visitor as being light; the windows are, however, often set low down in the wall and seem to give little light. When such is the case, a row of little lights high up under the ceiling on another wall will often be found—an arrangement which ensures the room being light, as, indeed, is every room in the house, whereby, although many of Sir Edwin's earlier houses undoubtedly were dark, is exploded the fallacy that plate glass windows are essential for light rooms.



Copyright.

7.—THE BILLIARD ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

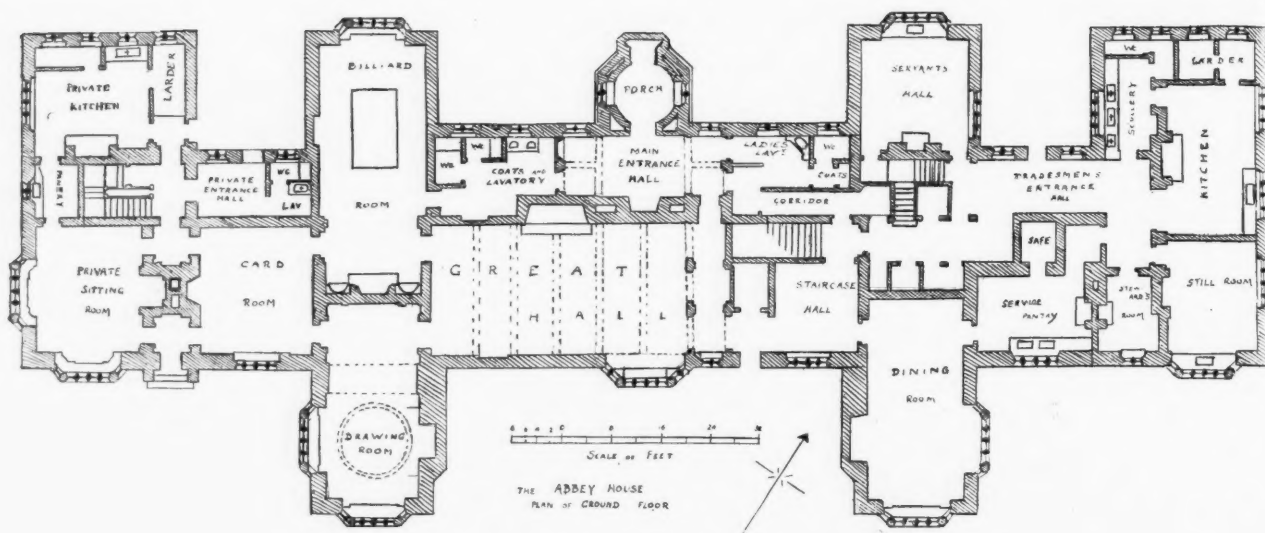


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8.—THE GREAT HALL FROM THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The door on the left leads to the card room, that on the right to the billiard room. The cornice is ornamented with a line of acanthus work.



9.—A ROUGH PLAN.

Having thus made a cursory tour of the house we can repeat, with the knowledge of experience, that the decoration is certainly not Jacobean, but that of the phase in which Sir Edwin Lutyens found himself at the time. In expectation that this is not the final stage we called it the Piranesian stage, and, considering the work of Piranesi as a whole—in the minuteness of its detail on the one hand and the vastness of his conceptions on the other—the comparison seems to be fairly accurate. As, however, was mentioned before, allowance must be made for necessity whether of client or climate, and in this case it was necessary to use the sixteenth century plan and exterior; but the brilliance of the design lies in the fact that the house satisfies both schools of thought in that it is essentially Jacobean and undeniably Lutyens. And in this elasticity of style lies, I think, the great hope of modern architecture. A degenerate style is never elastic, being bound by conventions that have long lost

their meaning; it is only when inspiration is young and vigorous, when the path to be followed is untried and the pitfalls are uncharted, before the art has been reduced to a series of mathematical formulæ, that its creations will seem beautiful to every succeeding age. Let us hope that the present year will disprove the lines

Private enterprise in building long has been severely checked
And the doom of unemployment dogs the hapless architect,
in which Mr. C. L. Graves translates the end of that stanza in Mr. A. D. Godley's remarkable "collection" called "The Fifth Book of the Odes of Horace":

Nunc poena tales addita legibus
Sumptus coerces; segnis et indigens
Mendicat in stratis redemptor;
Frusta petit miser architectus.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



10.—THE DINING-ROOM, IN UNVARNISHED OAK, SHOWING THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

THE NATIONAL SCOTTISH MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD VII AT HOLYROOD PALACE



OUR illustration shows one of the two fine entrance gates forming parts of the new screen enclosing the forecourt to Holyrood Palace, once more a Royal residence. On the death of King Edward a committee of Scottish nobles and gentlemen decided on this form of memorial, and Mr. Washington Browne was commissioned to place, lay out and enclose the space. As completed, the masonry is dignified and massive, while the wrought iron gates are so designed as to be appreciated from afar, a rare characteristic of such rich work. For anything comparable to these gates we have to look back to the days of William and Mary, when Tijou was carrying out his great undertakings at St. Paul's and Hampton Court. At Holyrood the north and south entrance gates form the prominent feature of the enclosure, rising to a height of over thirty feet. Each gate bears in bronze the figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The Scottish Royal crown forms the apex of the lofty pyramid overthrow to the gates, while other Scottish emblems and the thistle form the chief enrichments throughout the entire work. The flanking wicket gates and piers are

restrained and dignified and in complete harmony. The Canongates face the Royal entrance and are in line with the main street of the old city directly connecting Royal Holyrood Palace with the still more ancient Royal Castle of Edinburgh. These gates are relatively less imposing, while the enclosing panels are loftier and richer in detail even than Tijou's at Hampton Court. The romance of the foundation of the Abbey of Holyrood is symbolised in the finely modelled stags' heads of bronze surmounted by the sacred rood. A bronze statue of King Edward will form part of what may, with confidence, be called a memorial to the late King unequalled in scope and decorative magnificence.

The entire wrought ironwork was forged in Lambeth by smiths who had forged the gates at Sandringham in the early days of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Those, as well as the present gates, have been created under the direction of Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, who, in consequence of the war, has borne a considerable proportion of the cost of his work. Thus a London citizen has, under stress of circumstances, contributed largely to the cost of the National Scottish Memorial.

IN THE GARDEN

THE FLOWERING OF RHODODENDRON ARGENTEUM IN A BERKSHIRE GARDEN.

THE beautiful rhododendron argenteum flowered recently in Mr. T. H. Lowinsky's garden at Tittenhurst, Sunninghill, Berks. The plant in question has been grown in a sheltered position at Tittenhurst for eight or ten years, but this is the first time it has flowered. It is about 3ft. high and carried nine trusses of large, glistening creamy white flowers, all from 2ins. to 3ins. across, and each truss had from ten to twenty flowers. The quality and texture of the flowers is enhanced by a touch of bright crimson in the stigma and the ten prominent dark brown anthers of each flower. In the unopened or bud stage the flowers are of a beautiful brown pink colour and the source of great admiration. The leaves are almost as wonderful as the beautiful heads of bloom, for they are of a full deep green above and silvery white beneath. It is from the silvery underside of the leaf that this rhododendron takes the specific name argenteum, although, like so many other plants in cultivation, this species has the misfortune to possess more than one botanical name, the other being rhododendron grande, derived, no doubt, from the large and tree-like proportions that it attains in its native haunts in Sikkim.

It might here be pointed out that the handsome trusses of this rhododendron usually shown at this season at the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster have, at least in most instances, been grown in the equable and moist atmosphere near to the southern Cornish coast. Except in the southern English counties and in favoured parts of Ireland, this noble rhododendron is not to be trusted out of doors and should be given the protection of a greenhouse or conservatory. The flowering of this Indian species in a Berkshire garden in the open is worth recording and is a matter of great interest to horticulturists. This could hardly have been accomplished had it not been favoured by an exceptionally mild season and given a well chosen, carefully selected position protected from winds.

H. C.

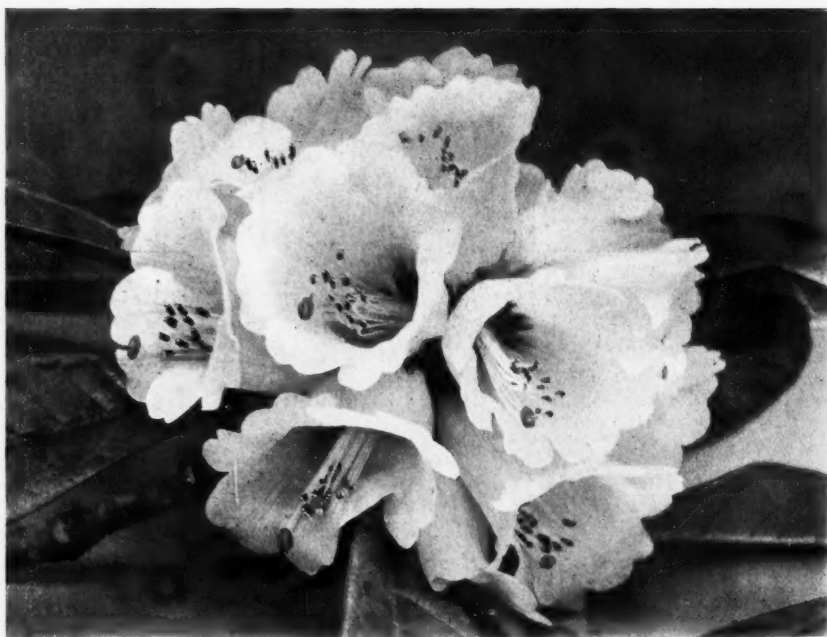
THE PLANTING OF HERBACEOUS BORDERS.

NOT a few of your readers will now be considering either rearranging their herbaceous borders or making new ones, and a few hints may be useful; even if not followed, they may at least cause intending planters to consider and reflect on what they are about to do. There are, alas! comparatively few owners, and still fewer professional gardeners, who give the artistic side of gardening one careless thought; their main idea seems to be the cultivation of large blooms and, if possible, something new. Personally I must frankly own I fall rather a ready victim to the latter; I would I had the strength of will to select the best variety, or what I thought the best of each family, and grow that in quantity, instead of a tendency to make my borders rather spotty, like Joseph's coat of many colours. The most essential quality of at least, the main portion of a garden is to give a peaceful repose, a feeling of rest and contentment to the exclusion of worry and the petty cares of life. The mind and body ought both to be soothed to rest; for example, no matter how charming be the flowers, if one's feet are ankle deep, struggling through a sea of grating gravel, there can be no restful feeling; therefore, a path, be it of whatsoever material, must be pleasant to the tread. Light and shade are always an agreeable feature, and let the grounds be so constructed as to give variety. If your friend can see all the garden from one point of view, much interest is lost, it is the discovery of something unexpected that gives interest and enjoyment. A well furnished house has not all its treasures in one room; on wandering about, some masterpiece, be it of

furniture, porcelain or picture, will be found in some rather obscured corner, and you leave your host with the firm conviction that there must still be many fine things which you have not seen and look forward to the next visit; precisely the same thing happens in the garden. But I have woefully wandered from my herbaceous border planting. All the preliminary instructions I have had the misfortune to see read something like this: "After having completed trenching make the surface of the soil perfectly smooth with a slight fall to the front." Well, that is excellent advice for commencing to make a dull and uninteresting border. I should much prefer after this trenching operation (which, by the way, sometimes does more harm than



RHODODENDRON ARGENTEUM AT TITTENHURST.



A NEARER VIEW OF RHODODENDRON ARGENTEUM.

good) to leave the surface of the soil like the waves of the sea, up and down. Some plants want rather a dry position; others a damp one; and this unevenness helps to accommodate both. Readers will find that if a plant suffers from too much damp in winter a good spadeful of soil temporarily taken out at the side of it will often give the necessary dryness to enable the plant to pull through the winter when otherwise it would be lost; while the plants seeking dampness, if planted in the hollows, will get more natural moisture and fuller advantage of any water which may be given them. Again, if the garden be small and space limited, an uneven surface will accommodate more plants than a level one! If all the mountains of Scotland were cut off it, it would be a very small as well as a very dull place! Now,

having got the surface of your border rather wavy—clearly understand, not dotted over with a number of little mounds like mole-hills—start to arrange your plants. I will assume that the border is being reconstructed and very possibly may contain several plants which will ill agree with a “fitting,” such as pæony roses and some of the lilioms—if at all possible, these had better not be disturbed. No doubt, however, the same variety of plants have hitherto been planted in the border in different clumps—I sincerely trust not in rows or at regular intervals—but, be it thus or otherwise, let all the plants of one kind be put in one heap, as, likewise, all the other varieties in heaps by themselves. Having done this, on consideration, you will find that it will take up no more space to plant, say, seven clumps of a phlox in one irregular patch than the seven plants previously occupied dotted over the border, and the effect will be much more striking and decorative. Continue thus planting so that when the border is completed only one clump of each variety, be it a large clump or a small one, will be seen in that border, and you can blame “Formakin” if the effect is not much finer than having them dotted over the border as heretofore. Needless to say, many of the specimens will require division, and only the strongest parts, which are usually at the outside of the plant, are replanted. I know the objection will be raised that this method will leave bare and rather unsightly patches when the plants thus treated are out of bloom. That objection, however, can be largely met by the judicious use of bulbs or annuals. For example, take a large patch of one of the mossy saxifrages, the green in winter is charming of itself, but can be made at least more interesting by having *Iris reticulata* growing through it, which will be kept

clean by the mossy carpeting of the saxifrage; later we will have the bloom of the saxifrage itself, possibly in May, to be followed by either, say, English or Spanish iris, then by *Lilium Martagon album* (most lilioms like the damp soil which the saxifrage covering will give them); again, this might be followed up by *Crocus speciosus* which looks charming in autumn amid the bright green carpet and is kept perfectly clean. Thus in this clump you have had five different blooms. Clumps of *Anemone japonica* can be made gay in early spring by, say, *Scilla sibirica*, this to be followed by one of the lilioms, and the anemone itself will complete the season—three blooms on this patch. The pæony by crocus, lilies and tulips; the *Bocconia cordata*, with its late but lovely foliage, can be planted with *Trillium grandiflorum*, which will make a bold show in early spring and appreciate the shade of its bed companion in the heat of summer. I only make a few suggestions, combinations of this nature are legion. On no account let the planter fall into the pitfall of placing all his tall plants at the back of the border and sloping gradually in height down to the front; slap in a clump of something tall, be it lilioms or *delphinium belladonna*, at the very front of the border. The hillsides do not commence with thyme at the foot and finish off with oak trees at the top! Let some of the plants sprawl over the walk, it gives a look of freedom to the poor things. Surely you do not admire delphiniums, pyrethrums or Michaelmas daisies tied up like sheaves of corn? Of course, on no account must there be any red soil seen in summer. The entire plot is covered with bloom or foliage; no need for the Dutch hoe or room for weeds to grow.

FORMAKIN.

THE PLEASURES OF THE “FLOATER”

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WE have all of us been talking a good deal about the floating ball, but I wonder how many of us have tried it. Not a few, I fancy, have intended to do so and then put it off in a craven, unadventurous spirit. We should do better if we talked less, perhaps, and played more, and acting on this excellent piece of my own advice I played my first round the other day with a floater—or rather my first round for a number of years. It might just as well have been really the first, for whatever we may imagine that we remember, we have entirely forgotten our sensations in hitting the early rubber-cored ball. They are far more dim than our memories of the gutty. On April 2nd the floating ball competition at Sunningdale takes place. Possibly after that I shall have to revise my opinion. However, I will now set down my first impressions for what they are worth.

The ball that I played with was not one of the small floaters that have been made expressly for this competition. It was, figuratively, as big as a football, and really looked to me, when I reached the first green, as if there would hardly be room for it in the hole. However, it was an excellent ball, and the lasting impression that it left on my mind was of the extraordinarily pleasant feeling of hitting it. That is, I think, a fact that the advocates of the floater should rub in for all it is worth. To hit this lighter ball, far from being a disappointment, is great fun. It flies away so sweetly and easily when one hits it—and I must truthfully add that I was by no means always hitting it. We are often told that we swing the club too much like those swinging a 16lb. hammer, whereas we ought rather to imitate a small boy flicking a bread pellet at a companion with his grimy little thumb. Well, this light ball helps us to do that, and the sensation is most enjoyable. As regards the length of its flight, the limitations of the floater have been, as it seems to me, exaggerated. Down a wind I hit it much the same distance as I should have hit anything else, judging by very familiar landmarks on the course. Against the wind I was certainly shorter, but not so much shorter as I expected. But in hitting against the wind there was a great difference, according as I hit the ball really well or only moderately well. I can think of two shots, one with a straight-faced iron, the other with a driver, in which I was conscious of getting a little too much under the ball. They were not good shots, but with the heavy ball they would have attained their object, and their imperfections would have escaped notice. Not so with the floater. In both cases the ball soared high into the air and fell very short indeed. The sensation of seeing it do so used to be a very familiar one with the gutty and the Haskell, but it came back with quite a shock. I had more than half forgotten that one's shortcomings could be so relentlessly shown up.

Something of the same thing happened in a cross wind. A little hook or slice—more particularly the slice, to which I am, alas! the more prone—had far more effect. A ball that I expected to be only rather near the rough was in it. The ball that was perfectly truly hit behaved perfectly, but there were fewer shots of which one could complacently say, “As good as a better.”

It was when it came to the short pitches and putts that the strangeness of the ball was apt to affect one's shots. In driving

one could but lash out boldly and hope for the best, but in the short game one made allowances for qualities with which one endowed the ball in imagination. This, however, is a weakness that would pass quickly away. The feeling of hitting a pitch or a putt was thoroughly pleasant, and when the ball alighted it did not make a shell-hole in miniature on the green, “which,” in Mr. Pecksniff's words, “is likewise very soothing.”

Finally, in the rough it was most refreshing to have so much ball protruding out of the long grass. It felt like having the dome of St. Paul's to hit. It was, at least, certain that one could not miss it altogether, and the same remark applied to a ball lying clean in a bunker—the ball that it is so painfully easy to “fluff.” The task of nipping it out seemed beautifully easy, but that agreeable impression would doubtless soon pass away. One would soon get used to having a football to play with: confidence would vanish and one would yearn for something bigger still—a push-ball, let us say.

I know that these impressions of mine coincide generally with those of several others who have experimented with the floater. They found it a very enjoyable ball to play with, an easier ball in just one respect, namely, that of getting it up into the air, and a distinctly more testing and difficult ball in the wind. That the ball can be kept down against a head wind and can be kept straight in a cross wind is beyond doubt, but it requires very appreciably more skill to do it. Leaving on one side for the moment the question—a very important one—of the eternal lengthening of courses made necessary by the constant improvements of the ball makers, each golfer has to decide for himself this point. Does he want the game to remain, in Mr. Low's words, “the master of the player”? The floating ball demands in certain circumstances more skill than the heavy one, and makes more clearly perceptible the difference between sheep and goats. Is that so essential a thing that a change of law should be made? Personally, though I find the game quite sufficiently my master already, I think it is. And I am the more encouraged to be virtuous by finding the floating ball so unexpectedly pleasant to play with.

AN ARTISANS' ASSOCIATION.

The proposal to form an Artisans' Golf Association, in which the *News of the World* is taking a hand, is an interesting one. A good many clubs have apparently already responded. It is hoped to hold a Championship competition, and, if so, there will surely be very fine golf and possibly the discovery of some mute inglorious Vardon. Most of us have heard of two or three artisan clubs in England—Cantelupe, that has produced the formidable phalanx of Mitchells and Seymours, Bulwell Forest near Nottingham, Walton Heath and Hoylake villagers, for example. But there are clearly a good many more less known, and there should be more still. At least one club with a private course, Knebworth, has set an excellent example by throwing open its course at certain times to artisan golfers, and it would be a very good thing if more clubs would follow it. Too often the artisan golfer has to play on a common or not at all. Artisan golf has always been a great feature of Scottish golf, but there is plenty still to do in the way of fostering it in England.

TWO BOWLS AND A TAZZA

THE PROPERTY OF MR. F. C. HOLDSWORTH.

TWO bowls of unusual interest will come under Messrs. Christie's hammer on Wednesday next. They are remarkable examples of the English silversmith's art and they have some history. The first is a Monteith (Fig. 2), 11ins. across, decorated in the "Chinese" manner which became fashionable towards the end of Charles II's reign, a moment when much Oriental lacquer was being imported and imitations of it, both professional and amateur, had become fashionable. The silversmiths followed suit and engraved the plain surfaces of their pieces with Chinamen, birds and flowered twigs, taking such *motifs* either from lacquer or from the porcelain which was also being imported by the East India Company. A tankard thus decorated and dating from 1683 belongs to Queens' College, Cambridge, and the following year is the date of the "Burleigh Cup," similarly engraved, belonging to St. John's. That is somewhat earlier than any known Monteith, although the Oxford Dictionary gives the following quotation from a 1683 writing:

1683. This year came up a vessel or bason notched at the brims to let drinking glasses hang there by the foot, so that the body or drinking place might hang in the water to coole them.

We learn from the same source that such vessels were so called from a "fantastical Scot," called "Monsieur Monteigh," whose "cloak or coat" was notched in this manner along the bottom. The true Monteith has a detachable rim, and Mr. Jackson tells us in his monumental "History of English Plate" that he knows no earlier example than 1689. The one now illustrated, however, has the London date letter for 1688, which is also the year of another example of very similar form and decoration belonging to Mr. Chute of the Vyne, and won by his ancestor, Edward Chute, at the Basingstoke race meeting in October, 1688. There the mask holding the handles is human and not of a lion, the panel arrangement is somewhat different, and, the diameter being 13ins., there are ten notches in place of eight. The rim, however, has precisely the same raised and chased foliage border, while the figures and other *chinoiserie*s are very closely akin.



1.—A TAZZA SERVING AS STAND TO THE MONTEITH. Border of Chinese figures, etc., enclosing the arms and supporters of the Royal African Company. Width, 13ins.; weight, 31 oz. 7dw. Maker's mark, I. R. Date, 1688.

Made in the same year but by another silversmith is the tazza (Fig. 1) which forms the stand. It is 13ins. across and has similar Chinese decoration forming a band round a large heraldic device consisting of shield, crest, motto, supporters and mantling. The bowl has a much smaller



2.—A MONTEITH WITH CHINESE DECORATION.

Figures and branches in petal-shaped panels on a matted groundwork. The rim, with eight notches for glasses, detachable and edged with raised leafage pattern. Lion masks hold the ring handles. Arms of the Royal African Company. Width, 11ins.; weight, 56oz. 6dw. Maker's mark, D. G. Date, 1688.

version of these arms, which are those granted to the Royal African Company chartered by Charles II in 1672. The African West Coast trade in slaves, gold and ivory was in Portuguese hands in the early part of the seventeenth century, but English and Dutch disputed their supremacy. The Civil Wars in England left Holland practically masters of the field for a while, but with the Restoration the English sought to share it, and Cape Coast Castle dates

James II, the former member and continuing patron, fled, and the coming of Dutch William was followed by the Declaration of Rights which virtually abolished the exclusive privileges. Private trading grew up, and the company led a very struggling existence up to the time of its final demise in 1752. Its plate was then dispersed and, as an inscription on the base tells us, the Monteith and stand were given to Catharine Martin by her father in 1779. They are now the property of Mr. F. C.



3.—A PUNCH BOWL.

Engraved in the manner of Hogarth with eleven men marching with mace-bearers along the sea front. Above them the motto "Amicitia Perpetua." Probably represents the municipality of a seaport on their way to a club feast. Width, 13½ ins.; weight, 140 oz. 3dwt. By Paul Lamerie, 1723



4.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SAME BOWL.

Here the eleven sit at table, and the chairman proposes the toast "Prosperity to hooks and lines," implying that the friendship club has its basis in fishing.

from 1662, when an African company, with the Duke of York among its members, obtained the royal favour. The 1672 company was an attempt to combat the Dutch more forcibly. A larger capital was subscribed and further forts were erected and garrisoned, security of tenure being apparently assured by a grant from Charles II of a monopoly of the trade for a thousand years. No wonder, then, that the company could afford itself fine plate in 1688. But ruin was approaching.

Holdsworth of Widdicombe House, but how and when his ancestors came to own them is forgotten. That, unfortunately, is true also of Mr. Holdsworth's other and still more remarkable bowl. It also relies on engraving for its decoration. But there is nothing Chinese about it. It is intensely British, and breathes the spirit if it does not present the actual handwork of Hogarth. On the one side (Fig. 3) eleven gentlemen, one in a mayoral gown, march along, with mace and stave

bearers before and behind. The scene is a paved walk or quay on the edge of the sea, and three-masted ships ride at anchor in the harbour. All eleven look at you and are undoubtedly portraits. Their dress is exactly what merchants or provincial gentlemen would wear in company when Paul Lamerie made this punch bowl in 1723. They surely represent the members of some municipality on their way to a more or less official meeting, and the other side of the bowl shows us that that meeting was festive. They have hung up their hats and are seated at table. Before the mayor or chairman stands the bowl, and he is raising his glass and proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to Hooks and Lines." It would seem to indicate the existence of a fishing club, with "perpetual amity" as its motto, formed by members of the corporation of a seaport town, and, until someone better informed is good enough to correct me, I suggest that that town is Dartmouth.

The Holdsworths are of Yorkshire origin, but in 1601 Robert Holdsworth is Vicar of Modbury in Devonshire and marries Mary Newman of Dartmouth. Their fifth son, born in 1624, grew up to be a notable citizen and trader in that thriving seaport, where he died in 1690 and was buried in the churchyard of St. Petroc's Church which lies near the castle at the entrance of the River Dart. His son, Arthur, described as a "Merchant and Alderman of this borough," married Elizabeth Lane, daughter of a fellow merchant and alderman, but widow of Captain Vavasor, who, being killed at sea in 1696, "made his bed in the Deep." Arthur Holdsworth died in 1726, three years after the making of the bowl which has the arms of his family under one of the handles. What more likely than that he formed, or was an active member of, the fishing club and provided the bowl for use at its festive gatherings? There is a little difficulty. His "tree stem coupé and eradicated" impales another shield of what appears to be three hand grenades, and Burke gives nothing of the kind as the arms of any Lane he includes in his "Armoury." But he mentions no Dartmouth branch, and it is not impossible that the Dartmouth alderman whose daughter Holdsworth wedded had, with or without the consent of the College of Heralds, adopted such arms. Certainly they are not those of any wife of any Holdsworth since then, and, moreover, the engraving of the impalement appears contemporary with that of the beautiful cartouche that frames it and is of the period of the bowl. Thus it is not an improbable conjecture that this extremely interesting and quite exceptional punch bowl, with its ladle *en suite*, originated with the Arthur Holdsworth who, shortly before his death, became governor of Dartmouth Castle, an office which became hereditary in his family, and was held by a whole succession of Arthur Holdsworths until it ceased to exist in 1860. There is, so far as I know, no adequate History of Dartmouth, but it must have ample manuscript records which ought to establish whether its borough fathers did or did not drink "prosperity to hooks and lines" in punch ladled out of this choice and original example of the craft of one of the most famous of Early Georgian silversmiths.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

STOPS

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

"HAVE you done your Composition?" a small boy once enquired of his best friend at school.

"Yes; but you might put in the stops for me," was the reply.

Partly the surprise, partly the flattery of the request engraved (for the questioner) the slight incident upon that incalculable tablet, memory. Was the putting in of stops, then, an accomplishment, and not something that came by nature? And was it possible that there existed persons ready—not out of kindness or best-friendship but with genuine relief—to relinquish the dear delight of putting into their own compositions their own stops? The luxurious commission was eagerly accepted, and the affair pigeon-holed for future reference along with cognate phenomena: contemporaries, for instance, who obstinately maintained that they could not spell, and others who appeared to feel acute anguish when compelled to those agreeable exercises, reading aloud and reciting.

It is not until later in life that such straws show us which way the winds of temperament blow—or, at any rate, which way they do not. Then observation gradually acquaints us with the fact that one who is indifferent to the claims of a semi-colon is more likely than not to be indifferent to the claims of a sonnet, too; the eye that is not teased by the absence of an inverted comma is, many times out of ten, the eye that is not afflicted by the presence of an inversion, either.

The man in the street choosing the line of least resistance, the literary layman vaguely conscious of the pitfalls of punctuation, both confine themselves as far as may be to the harmless, necessary full stop. For even a comma, as many a case at law has proved, is capable of being a thing deceitful and desperately wicked. And was it not Oscar Wilde who told a friend that he had done a hard day's work, and then, being pressed for details, explained that in the morning he had put in a comma and in the afternoon he had taken it out again? Not strictly true, no doubt; but what a brilliant analysis of most minds with a decisive literary bent. To the mind without this bent, which uses even commas sparingly and mistrustfully, a semi-colon is apt to seem, not a natural object, but a piece of ostentation or bravado; while the use of a colon is a thing to be regarded as sheer literary swank. As for the triplets of little dots so popular with writers of late years, not only are these caviare to the general, but the general has a suspicious notion that they indicate (to quote a recent unkind criticism) "the place where fact leaves off and ineffableness begins."

Writers are in these days allowed an agreeable latitude with regard to punctuation. The rigid rule, the literary punctilio of our ancestors is relaxed; flocks of adjectives, for example, need no longer go about divided by commas unless they choose, and a verb followed by an adverbial satellite may also shake itself free of this ancient companion. The lamb of liberty, however, once introduced, finds itself hotly pursued as usual by the lion of licence. As "a good writer educates words," so he now educates punctuation, too; and as fools rush in where angels, stepping delicately, may just be safe, so bad writers of to-day, confusing education with elimination, become indistinguishable in their punctuation from the frankly illiterate.

To a good writer much is pardoned, including pet usages, darling sins. Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, has evolved and practises in his plays a scheme with regard to apostrophes that is perfectly sound in theory: he omits them except where omission would obscure the sense. Thus, "You call me a swine again and I'll land you one on the chin that'll make your head sing for a week," remarks the soulful hero of "How He Lied To Her Husband." And yet—"that'll"? Try as we may, we cannot swallow it except by the sort of effort with which we swallow a pill.

That is the worst of punctuation; like manners and tact it must not draw attention to itself either by its presence or by its absence; its rightness must be unobtrusive rightness or it ceases to be rightness at all. Too little being as bad as too much, even the principle dear to young poets panting up the polyphonic prose slopes of the modern Parnassus,

And wherever you feel some punctuation is needed
Don't put it then it can't be wrong

suffers, alas, from the obvious drawback that it can't be right, either.

But the gradual slackening in our day of hard-and-fast rules does not by any means imply that the passion for punctuation is dead, that there are no sticklers for the shade of a comma because commas are more emancipated than they were. Witness the case, even now in progress, of a certain writer and a certain editor. The writer writes something and with fair words the editor accepts it. Nothing would induce him to alter a single sentence without the writer's permission; but when it comes to punctuation he falls. A proof reaches the writer, and as he reads he is conscious of a vague discomfort. Presently with a flash he realises what is amiss: the editor has been at it again! The writer's blood is then up, and he scrutinises each line afresh, altering commas back into semi-colons, suppressing dashes, curbing the exuberance of exclamation marks. Without a word he returns the proof; without a word the editor prints it—and then the writer finds that the editor has plied his guilty pen once more and reversed his reversals. Thus, time after time, they continue to express their immeasurable contempt for each other's powers of punctuation.

There is a shrewd descriptive touch concerning punctuation and the idiosyncrasies of character in one of the novels of Mr. Zangwill, "The Mantle of Elijah." Writing of the letters of two sisters he says: "From Dulsie there came only one communication, the handwriting exactly like Mabel's, but revealing itself as Dulsie's—the moment the envelope was torn open—by the absence of italics and the abundance of dashes and brackets."

As for writers, there are the exceptions who prove the rule—those who leave their punctuation, as they leave their spelling, to the discretion of their typists; but for the most part writers who love the labour of their trade at all seem to love it down to its last jot and tittle, down to the ninth part of a hair of punctuation.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the article, "A Replica of the Speaker's Chair," which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of March 5th, and I may be allowed to give some information concerning the Speaker's Chair in use before the fire of 1834. You say: "What became of the original old chair is not certain. It was probably destroyed in the fire of 1834." There is to be seen to-day in a Masonic lodge-room in Sunderland the Chair which was used on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Sussex to Sunderland in 1839 to a Masonic gathering of the Grand Lodge of England. The reports of the meeting were given in the local Press and in the London Morning Chronicle, also in the Freemason's Quarterly Review of 1839. In these reports they give the following description of the proceedings: "After having been led into the room by the Earl of Durham, His Royal Highness rested himself for a few moments in a commodious chair which had been provided for the occasion, and which it is reported was formerly the Speaker's Chair in the old House of Commons, and was saved from the fire which destroyed the two Houses of Parliament in 1834. This curious relic was purchased by a professional man, a resident in Sunderland, and afterwards presented to the Corporation."—London Chronicle, 1839. "In the east end of the room of the Exchange was a raised platform, in the centre of which was placed for the use of the Royal Duke 'the awful seat' from which Sir Charles Manners Sutton called 'Order! Order!' to the noisy Commoners of England in Parliament assembled."—Sunderland and Durham County Herald, 1839. As the above reports in the Press were never contradicted, it is quite reasonable to accept them as correct. The Chair is now used as the official chair of the Master of the Freemasons' Lodge and answers to the description of the original Chair of the old House of Commons. The only alteration is that the Royal coat of arms on top of it has been replaced by the emblem of the Masonic craft. It is a massive and imposing piece of Lodge furniture and of great historic interest.—JOHN ROBINSON.

THE LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may like to have a few more notes in continuation of my remarks of March 5. On the loch of Skail in Orkney I remember a whooper swan still living which had been winged, captured and pinioned sixty-three years before as an adult bird. It was a wonder it was never shot, for, although well protected on the private loch, it walked about a good deal, sometimes as far as the large tidal loch of Stenness, four miles away. It had met with many accidents in its long career, chiefly broken wings, one man in the neighbourhood having set the wing twice in the last six years. Although it had been there so long, it was still shy and wild, except when captured after an injury, when it was very savage. Herr H. C. Müller in his "Færøernes Fuglefauna" writes of a pair of herring gulls taken from the nest by a farmer at Sandhøe in 1771, which were still living in 1846, seventy-five years afterwards, but departed soon after the old man died in 1847. They were not confined or pinioned in any way, and lived on the shore when food was in plenty, only returning to feed with the farmer's stock in the winter. One of them paired with a wild gull and reared a brood, which was also brought to feed in the farmyard in the winter. Herr Müller also mentions a puffin which lived in a peasant's house and yard for twenty-nine years, before it died after an accident. Professor Newton ("Diet of Birds," page 553) mentions a pair of blue tits which used a bottle in a tree as a nesting site for a hundred years; and Mr. Howard ("British Warblers") the case of a pair of wrynecks using the same nesting site for at least sixty years and probably for many more, as the occupier of the adjoining cottage, aged eighty, remembers his father showing him the birds when quite a small boy. In these two cases it is not likely that the same pairs of birds nested there through all these successive years, but it is almost quite certain that both pairs of birds never died in the same winter, but that the survivor brought a new mate to the old nesting site, in the event of one being killed, as has been shown more than once to be the case with ringed birds, particularly swallows. The ringing of birds does not show any tendency for the young bred in a particular nest to return to this exact place to nest themselves, although

these young do nest in the near vicinity in some cases. In birds which nest in colonies, many of the ringed young have been found themselves nesting hundreds of miles away from their parent colony, and others in it, this being most marked in the case of the black-headed gull, the percentages being about equal.—H. W. ROBINSON.

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have found selling broody hens too much trouble. Moving them to new surroundings frequently cured them of their broodiness; and then they were brought back to be changed. Here is my weekly statement:

Capital, £1,500.	Land, 3 acres.	Stock:
Cocks, 49;	hens, 945;	total, 994.
		£ s. d.
1,820lb. of food eaten (grain and meal)		16 1 7
Shell and grit		0 5 0
Time paid out for labour		3 3 0
		£19 9 7
or 4.70d. per bird.		
Carriage on eggs		3 10 10
Advertising, £2; rent, 10s.; depreciation: plant, £1; birds, £1		4 10 0
		£27 10 5
or 6.64d. per bird, or 1.59d. per egg laid.		
4,140 eggs were laid during the week:		
2,354 sold for sitting	50 2 7 (or 5.11d. ea.)	
1,786 sold for eating	13 0 8 (or 1.77d. ea.)	
4,114	£63 3 3	
or 15.25d. per bird.		
Balance	£35 12s. 10d.	
Some interesting facts:		
Eggs produced, cost for This wk. Last wk.		
food and labour	1.12d. 1.11d. each	
Eating eggs sold for	1.77d. 2.00d. each	
Each bird ate	29.29 30.98 ozs.	
Grain and meal cost per lb.	2.12d. 1.94d.	

—F. G. PAYNTER.

RHYMED RULES FOR WHIST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers know of some excellent rules for whist in verse? I have mislaid my copy. I should be so glad if you would publish them in your columns.—DUMMY.

"STAND PIPES" FOR ENGLISH MOTORISTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I notice that in your Correspondence published on the 19th ult. there is a statement to the effect that garages in America are well equipped in all up-to-date ways; that petrol, or "gas," is stored in underground tanks near the road, from which it is pumped up when required. I think this letter under reference suggests that we in England are rather behind-hand in such matters. However, I would point out that there are such "stand-pipes" in this country at present in use in many different places.—H. S. PRATT.

THE BOLD CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I notice that in your issue of March 12th a correspondent raises the question as to whether the cuckoo ever lays its egg in a nest on the wall of an inhabited house. Personally I can vouch for one instance, as I can well remember being shown a well grown young cuckoo in the nest of a pied wagtail on the wall of one of the boys' boarding-houses at my old school, Charterhouse. This was about fifteen years ago.—E. C. STREATFEILD.

A GOLDEN EAGLE IN PERTHSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a fine golden eagle which is, I think, worthy of COUNTRY LIFE. It was trapped in central Perthshire, where it had been particularly destructive among the white mountain hares. It was caught in a vermin trap which had been set for less noble quarry, and was released after submitting to the indignity of being photographed.—H. MORTIMER BATTEN.



IN TRANSIENT CHAINS.

THE SPEED OF THE BLACK MAMBA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I may be able to add a further [note of interest to the letter on this subject some while back. In the latter part of 1900, during the South African War, my regiment was on trek in the Gatsrand district, south-west of Johannesburg. On the day in point the company in which I was a subaltern was ordered to race for and secure a kopje some eight hundred yards to our front. We were informed that either the Boers were already in possession or were hastening to it. Anyway, no time was to be wasted. My half-company extended to about ten paces interval and advanced at a steady jog-trot. Soon after we moved I heard a shouting from the extreme left of the line and wondered what it was. The shouting got nearer, and as it approached I understood it was the word being passed along, and as the word reached me ("Snake in front") a magnificent black mamba crossed my front about twelve feet ahead of the rapidly advancing line. It was travelling straight across the front of a line about four hundred yards long—kept ahead of the line and yet passed in front of it. As far as I recollect, its body was nearly straight, and it gave the impression of having the front third of its body lifted off the ground by sheer impulse of the rear portion. Its speed struck me as prodigious, but the mamba seemed solely intent on getting out of our way and made no attempt to break through the line. As a rule a mamba is not a lucky thing to meet, but in this instance good luck befell us, as we got to the kopje first. Afterwards, in bivouac, my O.C. Company and I discussed the athletic performance of the Mamba and tried to deduce its speed when crossing our front. Not being born arithmeticians, we failed. My O.C. Company is still alive and would doubtless corroborate my story if asked.—BORDERER.

AN EARLY CHIFFCHAFF.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—It may be of interest to many of your readers to know that the chiffchaff was to be heard in Arundel Park on the 17th March. This is a little earlier than usual. Gilbert White gave March 23rd as the date of the arrival of the "smallest willow wren" in Letter 1 to the Hon. Daines Barrington, June 30th, 1769. In his "Observation of Birds" White writes that the "smallest uncrested willow wren" is usually first heard about March 20th.—L. EVERARD TAYLOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE GLASS BOTTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The points raised by your correspondent, as I understand, are (1) When were glass wine bottles made in England in substantial quantities? (2) When were bottles introduced suitable for storage? According to Houghton's letter on glass-making there were in 1696 nine bottle factories at work in London and five in Bristol. Mr. Francis Buckley, in his work on old London glass-houses, estimates

the number of wine bottles made in England in 1695 at 240,000. He has located sites of bottle-glass factories in London at the beginning of the eighteenth century at Old Barge Stairs, the Bear Garden and St. Mary Overies on the south side of the river, and in Cut-Throat Lane, Ratcliff. It is more difficult to determine the shape of the earlier wine bottles. Mr. Thurlow Leeds, F.S.A., in 1914 published a

WHAT FRANCE IS DOING FOR MOROCCO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among innumerable evidences of the civilising hand of France in her protectorate of Morocco the laying out and loving care of gardens is not the least interesting. The Administrator, Marshal Lyautey, soldier,



THE CITADEL OF RABAT.

pamphlet "On the dating of wine bottles of the Stuart Period." The bottles were dark green or black, wide and squat, somewhat on the lines of the enclosed photograph. He gives sectional diagrams to show the variation in shape between 1630 and 1750. The alteration mainly consisted in the widening and deepening of the "kick-up" in the bottom. Many of the bottles have a glass seal on the shoulder, as shown in the photograph, representing the crest of the owner or the sign of the tavern. These were ill adapted for storage, and in 1750 cylindrical bottles, similar to modern port bottles, but rather larger in diameter, were first introduced. Mr. Leeds thinks that the wide, squat bottles were mainly used for serving guests or customers with decanted wine. An old print of a tavern scene in Belfast before 1720 shows one of these squat-shaped bottles on the table. A print of about 1730 shows a squat bottle almost square, with dents in the side. The "Chastleton" Jacobite decanter of about 1750 is flask-shaped and evidently only intended for table use. I have written in some haste: I hope shortly to deal more fully with the subject in a book on "Glass-making in England."—HARRY J. POWELL (formerly of the Whitefriars Glass Works).

diplomat, artist, collector, is not less an enthusiast in garden craft. The space within the citadel at Rabat has been laid out with rose-covered pergolas, symmetrical beds of fragrant violets, and every delightful flower and plant suitable to the climate and position. The garden of the new Residence, nearing completion, will be a dream of loveliness, and here the Marshal will owe much to Madame Lyautey's taste. One thing that I did not expect was a whole series of beautiful little formal gardens attached to railway stations, culminating in the delightful though simple scheme at Fez, where the station consists of two symmetrical little buildings joined by a pergola with flower-beds and seats bordering the platform.—E. LE BLOND.

SPRINGER SPANIELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Will any reader be so kind as to give me the name of any book about Springer spaniels?—P. S. BEAR.

["British Dogs," Third Edition, (Exchange and Mart Office), has a chapter on Springers. Mr. H. W. Carlton has written an excellent little book on the breaking of Spaniels (The Field).—Ed.]



OLD PRINT OF A BELFAST TAVERN SCENE.



A WIDE SQUAT BOTTLE.

This was the bottle of the Stuart period.

THE ESTATE MARKET OPENING OF THE SALE SEASON

THE buying and selling of landed properties goes on all the year round, but the bulk of the business under the hammer is done in the months of April–August inclusive, with July invariably the busiest month. This year the season seems likely to be somewhat later than usual in opening, as most of the estates at present for sale by auction have not yet emerged from the "preliminary announcement" stage. The fixing of dates of sale will begin to be general now that Easter is passed, and an impetus may be thereby imparted to the market. Meanwhile would-be vendors are doing all they can to attract purchasers, in two ways at least, the expression of a readiness to sub-divide properties, as far as is consistent with the preservation of the amenities of mansions and other residences, and by the quotation of fixed prices.

RAGLEY HALL TO BE LET.

LORD HERTFORD'S Warwickshire seat, Ragley Hall, near Alcester, is to be let furnished for a term of years, and the rent to a tenant who is prepared to spend money on the mansion will be very moderate. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are the agents. Ragley Hall is an interesting house which has been largely rebuilt under the direction of Wyatt. The gates of Ragley, a marvellous example of the smith's art, were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of October 7th, 1899. The deer park has an area of 500 acres, and there is shooting over from 4,500 to 6,000 acres, and hunting with the Warwickshire, Croome and Worcestershire packs.

PARHAM PARK.

PARHAM PARK, the stately Sussex seat, is for sale, by order of Lady Zouche, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., with either 3,733 acres or 1,400 acres. The house is built of chalk from the downs, faced with stone, and its south and west fronts are excellent work of Elizabethan date. The Parham estate was sold in 1540 for £1,255 6s. 5d. and a yearly rent of £6 13s. 4d. to Robert Palmer, third son of Thomas Palmer of Angmering. His son Thomas completed the house almost as it stands to-day, and in 1597 Robert Palmer's grandson sold Parham to Sir Thomas Bisshopp, Secretary of State under Sir Francis Walsingham. Sir Cecil Bisshopp, the eighth baronet, somewhat modernised the house. He established his claim to the ancient barony of Zouche of Haryngworth in 1815. On the whole, the new work is admirably in keeping with the old. The collection of armour at Parham Park, the plate, ivory carvings and library lent the house a rare distinction, and found in it a worthy home. The park and grounds are famous among those of Sussex, and the heronry is supposed to have originated with birds brought to Penshurst from Coity Castle in South Wales. The birds migrated from Penshurst to Michelgrove and thence to Parham Park in 1826. The property was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XI, page 496.

GOSFORD HOUSE.

THERE is a scheme in contemplation for acquiring a lease of Gosford House, Lord Wemyss' East Anglian mansion, and utilising it, with the contents, as a residential hotel. The seventh earl bought the property in 1781. (The house was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of September 2nd, 1911, page 342.) Golf was one of the governing factors in his preference for Gosford. In 1800 he finished the house on the original plans at a cost of £100,000. In 1808 the seventh earl's grandson had plans prepared by Reid, Wyatt and Sir Robert Smirke for altering Gosford. But no more was done than to remove the wings. The ninth earl, who succeeded in 1853, contemplated pulling down what remained of the Adam so-called "new House," but nothing was done. In 1880–90 there were changes, which left the house substantially as it is to-day, under the architectural supervision of the late William Young. Gosford House is typical of the massive splendour which belongs to the end of the eighteenth century, a worthy home for the fine pictures which the successive Earls of Wemyss had collected.

45,000 ACRES ON OFFER.

INCLUDED in the 45,000 acres to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are Mr. G. B. Macpherson Grant's estate of

Craig, near Montrose, with salmon fishing and 2,500 acres; and Lord Gerard's Eastwell Park estate with the princely mansion and 4,000 acres. Other important properties to be dealt with by the Hanover Square firm are Captain Brassey's Heythrop estate, Oxfordshire, 5,400 acres; Red Rice, near Andover, for Lord Grantley, of 3,450 acres with the Georgian mansion and nine farms; Buckingham Tofts, Norfolk, over 4,000 acres with seven miles of trout fishing (next Tuesday, April 5th); Carons, Edgware, for Sir Arthur du Cros; Ystym Colwyn estate, Montgomeryshire, 1,400 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Gandy and Son); Lord Braybrooke's Billingbear estate, 1,800 acres, near Twyford (in conjunction with Messrs. Martin Nockolds and Sons); 2,600 acres of the Bifrons estate for the trustees of the Marquess of Conyngham; Lord Hothfield's Rainham estate, Kent, of nearly 1,400 acres; Sir Charles Knightley's Fawsley estate, Northamptonshire, 2,100 acres; Swyncombe, 3,000 acres in Oxfordshire (in conjunction with Messrs. Martin Nockolds and Sons); portions of the Llannerch estate in the Vale of Clwyd, 1,500 acres, for Captain Piers Jones; Arnewood, near the Hampshire coast, one of the country houses of the Cornwallis West family; and the remaining portion of the Bodelwyddan estate, St. Asaph, 600 acres (next Wednesday, April 6th).

Lord De La Warr's trustees have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Hanwell, near Banbury, over 1,300 acres. The estate includes remains of Hanwell Castle, built by William Cope, an official of the household of Henry VII, and formerly the residence of Sir Anthony, Vice-Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth. The castle was partially restored in 1903, and is now occupied.

Princethorpe, Warwickshire, to be sold shortly, extends to 540 acres, including the manor house and 170 acres of small holdings. The property is to be divided into lots, and vacant possession may be had. The mineral rights are included.

Dartington Hall, Totnes, and 930 acres with two miles of fishing in the Dart, are to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons.

In conjunction with Messrs. Harbottle and Sons, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, have disposed of the remaining portions of Sir George Duckworth-King's Wear House Estate, Exeter. The mansion and park are situated just outside the City, and have been in the family for over 100 years.

THE PRINCE'S KENNINGTON LAND.

WE are informed that Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold portions of the Duchy of Cornwall estate at Kennington, which they recently offered for sale by auction, to the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. The area disposed of comprises just over 4½ acres.

Further sales of Sir Roger H. B. Doughty-Tichborne's Holborn estate have been effected by Messrs. Nicholas for about £26,600.

AUCTIONS IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

NEXT Tuesday week (April 12th) Messrs. Hampton and Sons will hold their inaugural auction in St. James's Square in the St. James's Estate Rooms, when they will offer the following: The Old House, Sevenoaks, a freehold of the Early Georgian period, and about 2 acres; Cedars, Hampton-on-Thames, a freehold riverside house with boat-houses and lovely garden; and another beautiful riverside property known as Riversdale, Bourne End, with lodge, stabling, garage, bath-houses, cottages and grounds extending to 11 acres. The Manor House, Little Berkhamstead, with 44 acres, is also to be sold; and a compact freehold known as Cacketts, Brasted Chart, near Westerham; Cliff Dene, Bonchurch, Ventnor, a medium-sized freehold residence and over 3 acres; and an old-world riverside residence, Creek House, Shepperton, with bathhouse and gardens of about 1½ acres, with other property, will also come under the hammer.

The removal into St. James's Square of Messrs. Hampton and Sons synchronises with the removal out of another square of a famous old concern. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell at Lady Day transferred their factory from the vicinity of Soho Square to Burton-on-Trent, retaining only their offices in the old house

in "Soho's busy Square," as Wordsworth called it. Evelyn, as he tells us in his Diary, spent the winter of 1690 "at Soho, in the great Square." The firm's offices have been in use for generations, and all the time the relics of the former architectural attractiveness of the notorious "White House" have been preserved, and the firm has also cherished the carved mantelpiece and ornamental ceilings of the finely proportioned house that was once the town mansion of the Lords Fauconberg. The factory, with its extensive frontage to Charing Cross Road, has been sold, and its destiny, it is said, conversion into a picture theatre.

LEEDS CASTLE: TERMS OF TENANCY.

THE rental of Leeds Castle, referred to in these columns last week, will be, it is understood, 1,500 guineas a year. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are the agents for that magnificent seat with its kingly traditions and its unrivalled residential charm. The 2,185 acres of shooting include 580 acres of woodland. As many as 750 birds have been shot in a single day on a small part of the estate. Of the beauty of the castle it is unnecessary to say much. "It rises," to quote the description in these columns, "shapely, majestic, and serene, from two islands in the midst of a lake, the battlemented Gloriette in front and the later house behind, both reflected, it may be, in the calm waters, themselves set like a pale jewel in the green and golden slopes of a lovely park and embowered in secular trees that enframe this enchanting vista."

THE RENTAL OF MAXSTOKE CASTLE.

IF it is not already let, and there have naturally been promising enquiries about it, the rental of Maxstoke Castle, Warwickshire (mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE of March 19th), is only 8 guineas a week, if taken for two years. Maxstoke is a noble specimen of fourteenth century building, with some Elizabethan additions. The castle is quadrangular, with a fine courtyard, and towers at each corner, and a large gateway tower. The whole is surrounded by a moat, on which pleasant boating may be had, and in which there is a large quantity of coarse fish. The castle is situated in a park, and there is a very fine avenue of elms leading to it.

Between Epping and the Hertfordshire border is Warlies Park, the residential and sporting estate for many years the seat of the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. It is to be brought to auction in June by Messrs. Kemsley. It comprises an Early Georgian residence with modern additions, standing in a finely timbered park, ten grass farms and small holdings, and a large portion of the village of Upshire. The whole estate of about a thousand acres is for disposal, or the house, park, and home farm of 360 acres, could be acquired.

DUKE OF LEEDS' LAND.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS is about to dispose of 4,400 acres of his Kiveton Park estate in the West Riding, eight miles from Sheffield. The part to be sold will presumably come under the hammer of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard in a great number of lots, as the holdings range from 15 acres to 540 acres. The same firm is also instructed to sell Wishanger, or outlying portions of the Grayshott Hall estate, on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire. Messrs. J. Alfred Eggar and Co. are acting in conjunction with them in the matter. The land, approximately 1,200 acres, affords many fine sites for houses in the neighbourhood of Frensham Great Pond, and all of it lies within three miles of Farnham and four of Haslemere. Hammerwood with 1,600 acres, on the fringe of Kent and Surrey, though actually in Sussex, is shortly to be submitted by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, in conjunction with Messrs. Wm. Wood, Son and Gardner, and it includes an excellent secondary residence known as Thornhill and an old half-timbered dower house. Another nice estate for sale by the former firm is Flint House, a modern residence and nearly 350 acres on the Chilterns, in the parish of Goring. The house stands some 450ft. up, two miles from the Thames, and eight miles from Reading. ARBITER.

FORAIN AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON.

THE great French draughtsman and etcher, M. Forain, needs no introduction as a stranger to English collectors and admirers of modern art. During the war the cartoons which he produced in quick succession, inspired by scorn and hatred of the "Hun," by suspicion of pro-German tendencies in neutral countries and dislike of undesirable elements in his own, above all by sympathy and compassion for the victims of the war in the martyred regions of France and by admiration for her gallant *poilus*, were felt to rank very high indeed among the pictorial products of the mighty struggle, and to have a chance second to none of possessing permanent interest in the future. More recently his pre-war work in original etching and lithography has been made known in its turn across the Channel. Two large exhibitions of his etchings held during 1920 in Fend Street and in Glasgow enabled them to be seen in approximate completeness, and gave an opportunity for a wide dispersion of the proofs among collectors rich enough to afford the luxury of possessing them; for etchings which could be obtained ten years ago at very moderate prices by the fortunate few who were aware of the fact are now only to be had at ten or twenty times the former prices.

Such recognition, however, as M. Forain's art has received hitherto in England has been entirely due to private enterprise. Some few of his cartoons have been included in the exhibitions of the Imperial War Museum, at the Royal Academy and the Crystal Palace; but scarcely any specimens of his graphic art have been possessed or exhibited till now by any of the permanent national collections. The recent gift, however, of some beautiful original drawings to the British Museum has afforded an opportunity for the first official recognition of M. Forain's importance by an exhibition of a kind not often arranged, as yet in the gallery, of prints and drawings in honour of a living artist. In the old exhibition gallery which existed till nine years ago in the White Wing contemporary art had only just begun to establish a footing in the shape of a few modern English drawings included in the last exhibition arranged there by the late Keeper. In the new and much larger exhibition room which occupies the top floor of King Edward VII's Galleries a larger space is consistently allotted to works by living artists. Many of these are represented in the collection of drawings recently acquired, which is, however, restricted at the present moment to drawings of the British School; while a certain space is always reserved in the part of the gallery adjoining the entrance to the Students' Room for an exhibition of modern prints. Groups consisting of a few examples of several artists are more frequent than anything approaching to a "one man show."

This space is now, however, occupied for a few weeks by a collection consisting chiefly of the works of M. Forain, supplemented by a small selection of the fine posters produced during the war by other contemporary French artists and by a group of Bolshevik posters of the year 1920, recently sent over from Riga, which are exhibited for their topical interest rather than out of respect for their artistic merits. The ten drawings recently given by the artist himself form the nucleus, as they supplied the pretext, of the exhibition. M. Forain most kindly allowed the Keeper of Prints and Drawings, during a visit to Paris at the beginning of February, to search through some of his portfolios of drawings at the studio in the Rue Spontini, and when the search had resulted in a preliminary choice of a dozen sketches, and they were laid out on the floor for a final selection, the artist himself thought that they made an excellent group, and replied to an enquiry, whether two or three would be too many to take, that he was willing to give them all. In the end the dozen was reduced only by two, and the ten varied and beautiful sketches now exhibited, one of which is illustrated in this article, were carried off with joy and gratitude to the generous giver.

They illustrate in a variety of different styles and mediums M. Forain's wonderful quickness of eye and sureness of hand. They are all rapid sketches from life or, in some cases, possibly, from memory, not compositions based upon such original sketches. The nearest approach to a composition is itself but a fragment, a beautiful little water-colour sketch of a mother and child, resembling groups to be found in several of the war cartoons, but not actually used in any subject that was published; the nearest thing to it in black and white is the group in the subject entitled "Pour l'homme de demain." Several of the drawings are studies of the nude, including the red chalk study for the etching "Femme nue assise sur son lit, de face," the wonderful black chalk sketch "Torse de femme nue," and another very beautiful one of a model reclining with head thrown back. A sketch in brown chalk on pink paper of a woman reclining is a very typical Forain. A charming pastel sketch of a youthful *danseuse* adds variety of colour and subject to the group, and three of the most striking studies are of heads, one in red chalk on white paper, a portrait study in coloured chalk of a woman's head upon dull green paper, and the very original black chalk sketch of a woman's head on yellow paper which we reproduce.

The drawings are flanked by two groups chosen to represent M. Forain's etchings, and consisting of eighteen in all, which

include some very rare states and fine touched proofs never before exhibited. "La Résurrection de Lazare," for instance, a very rare, unpublished etching, not mentioned in the illustrated catalogue of M. Forain's work by M. Marcel Guérin, is shown both in its untouched state and in a touched proof of extraordinary power and beauty, in which the actual etched lines are so little seen and so subordinate to the added work in sepia and Chinese white that the result is practically a new drawing based upon an etched foundation. Several of the most famous etchings of Scriptural subjects, such as "The Return of the Prodigal Son" and "Christ bearing His Cross," are included in the group. So are several of the beautiful Lourdes subjects, "La Miraculée," "La Communion des Malades" (both dry-point and etching), and a few of the most excellent secular subjects, including "Un Caboulot à Montmartre" and "Le Repos du Modèle." The selection, which is limited by the fact that the space allotted to it allows only of the inclusion of oblong subjects and does not afford space for the upright ones, ends with two different dry-point versions of M. Forain's famous composition "La Borne," representing the check of the German army outside Verdun, the drawing for which in a cheap reproduction was widely distributed by aeroplane behind the German lines as propaganda, "pour décourager les autres." The etchings exhibited, it should be said, are lent by a private collector.

A selection of lithographic posters by the same artist, however, is taken from the portfolios in the Department, though



SKETCHED IN BLACK CHALK ON YELLOW PAPER.

some of them, including the splendid large advertisement (shown in two states) of the Eucharistic Congress held at Lourdes in 1914, have only been recently added by gift. The beautiful design of a soldier writing home, the poster for "L'Œuvre de Vêtement des Prisonniers de Guerre," is already well known and popular. Less familiar, indeed probably quite unknown in this country, are a few pre-war posters in fine proof state, which the Museum has possessed for some years, but has never yet had an opportunity to exhibit. "Servir!" a lithograph printed in two colours, is so much in the spirit of the war posters that it is difficult to believe that it dates from 1913. It commemorates the passing of the law for three years military service instead of two, and the spirit of patriotism which inspires it is prophetic of much that was to come; how prophetic perhaps even the artist himself did not realise then. Quite in another vein, but magnificent in the *verve* and fire of their design and execution, are the three versions, variants of approximately the same theme, of an *affiche* for the "Salon des Humoristes" of 1911, in which the muse of comic draughtsmanship, armed with emblematic pencil, kicks a tall hat into the air with a superb abandon. These, it should be observed, like all the specimens now shown of M. Forain's posters, are not the actual advertisements displayed in the streets, but signed artist's proofs of lithographs which are, in every sense of the word, original prints by one of the great masters of lithography.

THE ST. DONAT'S CASTLE ARMOURY

EUROPEAN ARMS AND ARMOUR OF EVERY PERIOD.

By F. H. CRIPPS-DAY.

THE late Mr. Morgan Williams was a fine judge of armour and weapons and made his collection with great discrimination, seeking, when he had the opportunity, to obtain corroboration of his own opinion by that of the expert, the value of whose knowledge he was always ready to appreciate. The historical tradition of a specimen did not appeal to him as much as its intrinsic interest, and this is evidenced when his collection, which is to be sold at Christie's on April 26th and 27th, is examined. The collector will find a large number of rare examples which have never appeared in any previous sale, and, as Mr. Morgan Williams' taste was catholic, the St. Donat's Castle Armoury offers an especial attraction to the connoisseur. There are fashions in armour as in pictures, and in recent sales a keen interest has been shown in the productions of the fifteenth century, Scottish weapons and rare specimens of daggers. In this sale there is a beautiful salade of French fashion (Lot 26) of which the forging is worked to an extraordinarily fine finish; on its tail is stamped the armourer's mark of an armet, showing that at this date (*circa* 1460-70) the close

(Lot 211), was removed by the late owner; a third, likewise with the Missaglia mark, has the T-shaped ocularium and face opening (Lot 215). Lot 274 furnishes a fourth example. There are three specimens of the "Claidheamh-mor," Lot 44 being a beautiful sword with its original grip (see Laking, "European Armour and Arms," Vol. II, page 305).

The Highland pistols comprise pairs by John Campbell (Lot 141) and Thomas Caddell (Lot 140), and single examples by Thomas Murdoch (Lot 138) and Will Allan (Lot 139). The daggers are, perhaps, the feature of the collection. Lot 199 has a hilt of bone or ivory, hollow and twisted, showing in the grooves of the spiral the tang of blade in gilded copper. It was found in the Scheldt (see Laking, "European Armour and Arms," Vol. III, pages 24-38). The other "kidney" daggers are early and in fine state (Lots 200, 201 and 205), and the "rondel" examples are equally remarkable.

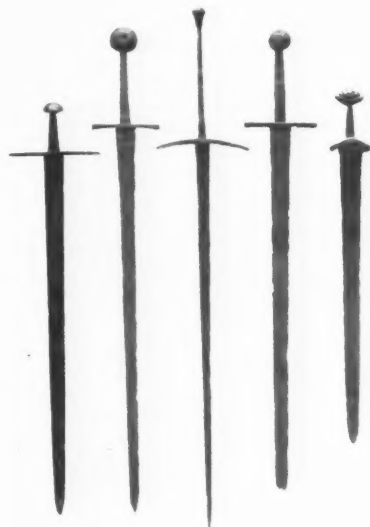
The complete suits comprise two fluted Maximilian harnesses (Lots 37 and 213), a plain Maximilian armour (Lot 38) once on exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum, a boy's armour of 1560 partly gilt (Lot 50), a seventeenth century half suit of the time of Louis XIII (Lot 212), black and white German suits, and an interesting three-quarter suit of black and gold with its cod-piece (Lot 245). There is also a composite Gothic harness (Lot 75).

Mr. Morgan Williams seems to have had a passion for English armour, and pikemen's harnesses are to be seen in great number. Lots 103 and 130 should be examined, for pikeman officers' equipments are not common. As the collection contains some pikeman officers' pott helmets there is an opportunity to make up a typical harness for a hall in a country house. A true Britisher likes to see his pikeman keeping guard, in a type of armour which was peculiar to this country.

It is needless to add that in such an extensive collection there are a large number of single pieces of body armour, and in Lots 246 and 301 are to be seen two fine globose breastplates, both with armourers' marks, of about the year 1510. The grand-guard, reinforcing elbow-piece and bridge gauntlet with etched border comprised in Lot 64 are of superb quality both of steel and of workmanship. Chamfrons are well represented; there are examples of the Gothic, Maximilian and late sixteenth century periods, while Lot 198 possesses its full crinet and tailplate: such an example has not been seen in a saleroom for many a long day. We will leave the armour lover to search for a helmet of the particular period he is most interested in, for every period is represented in the St. Donat's collection.

The variety of the swords is great. The eleventh century sword with lobated pommel and drooping quillons was found in the Thames near Westminster Bridge (Laking, "European Armour and Arms," Vol. I, Fig. 15). There are twelfth, thirteenth (Lot 17, see Laking, "European Armour and Arms," Vol. I, Fig. 105), fourteenth and fifteenth century swords (Lot 227, ex Bernal sale, Lot 2,305, the grip is a modern addition. See Laking, *ibid.* Vol. I, Fig. 632, and Lot 47, *ibid.* Fig. 671) of great interest. Mr. Morgan Williams left no period and no type unrepresented; double-handers, claymores, schiavonas abound. The maces are many and form in themselves a fine representative series.

Altogether there are 333 lots. There is something of every period to interest those who study the history of armour, and this sale offers an opportunity to the student to find, perhaps, something which he has for years been looking for.



SWORDS FROM THE ST. DONAT'S CASTLE ARMOURY.

which, while not having a great market value, may just fill in the gap in his collection. Some men form collections because they know and love the subject, and Mr. Morgan Williams was one of these. He did not buy what others told him he ought to acquire; nor because he felt he must collect something and on the guarantee from a dealer that he was making a good investment. This is not a collection limited to museum pieces and rare works of the craftsman's art, but rather a collection illustrating the whole history of European armour and arms, and a life-long study.

What is and has been the fascination of the study of armour? The answer is that it provides the actual and personal setting to the scene which the imagination is trying to reconstruct. Turn to the Italian salade of the fifteenth century, which we have already referred to, so typical of its period. Beneath its extravagant decoration of crimson velvet and gold can be seen, where the covering is worn away, the hard steel of a real war helmet. One can picture the man and the time when this piece was worn amid surroundings of War and Blood, Luxury and Vice; it perhaps had seen "poisoning by a helmet and a lighted torch, by an embroidered glove and a jewelled fan, by a gilded pomander and by an amber chain"; or Gian Maria Visconti chasing living men with hounds, or Ginevra d'Este receiving the poisoned emerald cup from the Lord of Rimini, or the feast of Pietro Riario at which a gilded boy served as Ganymede or Hylas. Or think of the pikeman's armour, the purely English defence worn by the English soldier fighting in the time of Elizabeth, or of the "Mortuary" sword carried by the Royalist with the image of his dead Sovereign on the hilt. We wonder why there are so few collectors.



A COMPLETE SUIT OF BOY'S ARMOUR.
French. *Circa* 1560.

helmet of armet form was being made. The other salades are of Italian barbute form, two with the pageant gilt metal decorations over the velvet covering, which in one case is preserved (Lot 67) and in the other, a Missaglia headpiece

"COUNTRY LIFE" SHOOTING COMPETITION

MERCHANT TAYLORS.

FROM the busy scenes of Farringdon Market to Merchant Taylors School is but a stone's throw, yet the change is as great as from the Strand to Temple Gardens. The open space, encircled by its asphalt running track, has on one side of it what appears to be a low-built building, but which proves on entering to be a remarkably well equipped 25yds. range, perfectly top-lighted by the open sky,



MERCHANT TAYLORS RANGE WITHIN A STONE'S THROW OF FARRINGDON MARKET.

with only the firing line and butts roofed over. A cross beam part-way down the range suffices to catch stray bullets. The targets are operated by wires which travel under a slight lean-to shelter on one side, and the apparatus strikes me as well constructed in the first instance, besides being in a thoroughly well cared for condition. The firing point accommodates four shooters, and the range is in full demand throughout the luncheon hour, also for an hour after 3.45 when school is over. Some of the thirty or so pupils who were undergoing practice to qualify for the COUNTRY LIFE team were on the range at the time of my visit, and the groups they made were of distinctly high quality.

Captain D. Davies, M.C., commanding the Merchant Taylors O.T.C., explained that the problem of devoting adequate attention to military training was peculiarly difficult in a school catering entirely for day boys, but that with a tight squeeze, aided by the natural keenness of the boys, they managed to attain a satisfactory standard of efficiency. The shooting training is in charge of Sergeant-Major E. T. Linsell, who graduated in the Royal Marines, where he was Q.M.S. Instructor of Musketry. He received a commission during the war and attained the rank of captain. From my own brief survey of his methods I was able to note the particular care and attention he devotes to the sighting of the rifles. The mean adjustment for each weapon having been ascertained by careful shooting, the personal difference for each boy is determined during his early practices, the same rifles being invariably served out. Sergeant-Major Linsell explained to me that no two boys group in the same place with identical rifles and the same setting of sights, his views on this particular aspect of rifle shooting being based on detailed and prolonged observation. In answer to my suggestion that the scores made in a correspondence match which was proceeding would probably suffer from the presence of a stranger, the reply was made that too little encouragement was given to the boys in this way, and that they would welcome more interruptions of the same kind. In fact, a general invitation was issued to me to drop in and have a shot at any time. Parents might certainly note that their occasional presence would be more than welcome, if only as a means of steadying the nerves against those occasions when competitions in public introduce an element liable to militate against the best work being done.

CHARTERHOUSE.

The standard of vitality at Charterhouse struck me as very high. Certainly some explanation must be sought for the fact

of one school winning both the Ashburton Shield and the COUNTRY LIFE Cup in the same year. These trophies are on exhibition in the reading room and form conspicuous incentives to high endeavour. Even so, I attribute a large measure of the success of this school in team rifle contests to the pleasantly situated outdoor range depicted in the illustration. Provided the sun is not shining, the range impresses the observer as especially designed by Nature for the purpose to which it is put. On a bright afternoon the sun certainly is in the wrong position, though some sort of hoarding might be arranged so as to cast a reasonable amount of shade on the firing line. No particular luxury in the way of mats is provided, the Bisley pattern on well-stamped ground providing little or no protection from elbow soreness. I have only once met a shooter who suffered from housemaid's knee on the elbow, but in the ordinary way the effects are confined to temporary soreness.

There can be no doubt whatever that miniature rifle practice, when indulged in under open air conditions, is conducive to the highest standard of achievement. The target is seen in sharp definition and without any of the dimness which accompanies indoor conditions. Another point to which great importance may be attached is that the pupil of the eye is contracted to the smallest possible aperture, so minimising the focus difference between foresight and bull, and in part producing the effect of orthoptic spectacles. In addition, the natural atmospheric tints on an open air range provide a perfect background against which to view the relative position of back-sight and foresight. The backsight is never more than a shadow, and that is the main reason why it needs a natural background to ensure visibility, the coarse U of the present-day rifle being far more exigent in this respect than its predecessor the V, where a fine sight could be taken. Apart from coaching and generally efficient instruction I would conclude that every shot fired on the Charterhouse range has maximum educational value, being, moreover, the nearest possible miniature reproduction of Bisley conditions. The landscape target is certainly a very dim object in the average indoor range, as has often been mentioned in the course of my tour.

Major H. P. Jameson, the commanding officer, himself specialises as a lecturer on military tactics, having so successfully spliced his scholastic subject, geography, on to map reading and so forth that, during the war, after having officiated at one of the cadet schools, he was transferred to the instructional staff at Sandhurst. On the shoulders of Sergeant-Major A. G. Locke,



THE CHARTERHOUSE MINIATURE RANGE IS OUTDOOR.

R.S.M., and formerly of the Grenadier Guards, the duties of shooting instruction mainly lie. He is one of the old guard who raised the military standard of shooting to that which deceived the enemy into the belief that they had machine guns against them. This point is important, because Sergeant-Major Locke graduated while in the Service as a team coach. Certain of his successes were remarkable, as, for instance, when he gained a victory against a much better shooting team simply by concentrating on loading practice. The COUNTRY LIFE Competition

offers similar opportunities, time being here the essence of the contract.

The boys, led by their shooting captain, Mr. G. L. Sawday, make some very hot scores. But in snap-shooting practice at the head-and-shoulders target they made things unnecessarily difficult by not taking advantage of the express permission given in the rules to adopt the most suitable background. The rifles were working only fairly well, with misfires the chief trouble, failures in extraction being much less conspicuous. The firing point accommodates six shooting at once, there being ample space for each individual and, naturally, a complete absence

of those slight tremors which are liable to occur on the platform erections in a covered range. Practically unlimited facilities for practice are available, the corps subscription covering the cost of ammunition.

In the course of a visit to the school buildings I was interested to discover a remarkably well equipped wireless station, with one of the boys duly installed as operator. Malvern, I discovered later, was similarly furnished, and proposals are likely shortly to be made for a simultaneous rifle competition, the results, weather conditions and so forth, to be communicated by wireless. Public Schools are nothing if not progressive.

A GRAND NATIONAL AFTERMATH

EXCLUDE THE "IMPOSSIBLES."

A STORM of criticism and a glut of suggestion were inevitable as an aftermath of the fall of thirty-four of the thirty-five horses that started for the Grand National Steeplechase. The humanitarian has been deeply stirred by the only inference he or she can draw. He or she may never have seen even the course, but it is the simplest thing in logical deduction to suppose that there would have been many more than one survivor had the fences been smaller and not so armour-plated, as it were. The man in the street who has never seen a fence is left staggered and wondering as to what manner of monstrosities they must be to stop all but one of thirty-five specially trained and schooled jumpers. Owners and trainers of the fallen, the better to excuse their failures, have joined in the hue and cry. A few writers elsewhere, ever ready to destroy rather than construct by criticism, have denounced what has always been in existence. The fences at Aintree will, however, withstand the shock of this paper-made and hyper-sentimental fuss and flurry.

A correspondent does me the honour of inviting my opinion. I thought I had expressed it with some emphasis a week ago when it was suggested that the Grand National has probably never been contested by a worse field of horses. Therein lies the explanation of the falling. Three-fourths of them had made only very feeble contributions to steeplechasing history—I mean in a helpful and distinguished sense—and yet here they were essaying the biggest task of all, even at the minimum weight. Some of them could not have won with no weight at all on their backs. They were a motley assortment as I saw them in the paddock; they confirmed the impression when you saw them in the parade when moving; and, of course, any lingering doubt was removed when it came to the race. They did not go far. Shaun Spadah, the winner, had previously got the course. The Bore and All White, the placed horses, after having been on the ground, had also got the course on a previous occasion.

There were not more than half a dozen good looking horses of Grand National type in the field. Some were good looking, but they were of the park steeplechasing type. It matters less if they fail to take off quite correctly and brush through the tops. Speed there is an essential; at Aintree jumping is a prime necessity. Personally I do not think a long course of park steeplechasing is good in the way of preparation for the Grand National. It develops methods which the big and thick fences will not countenance. If you have horses weighted below 10st. in a Grand National handicap, the suggestion is that they have not particularly good records. Of course, at fairly long intervals, winners of the race have come from among those at that end of the scale, but they are the inefficient ones that come to grief as a general rule.

I agree with the suggestion that the minimum weight should be raised from 9st. 7lb., and it is to be noted that Jack Anthony, who has won Grand Nationals on Glenside, Ally Sloper and Troystown, criticises the existing minimum of 9st. 7lb. because of the impossibility of getting capable jockeys at the weight. That, of course, strengthens the argument in favour of the raising of the weight. I have no quarrel with the height and strength of the fences. By all means let them stay as they have been for as long as most of us remember. There will not always be such a lean year for horses as this one, and if Mr. Topham, the Liverpool Clerk of the Course, will agree to raising the weight I am sure he will add to the interest of the race and do much to maintain its admirable traditions. The hopeless contingent will be discouraged, and a field of fair proportions will be assured. By retaining the present minimum a repetition of this year's enormous field and heavy falls is a certainty, for

the most impossible horses will be started by owners who do not mind taking a 1000 to 1 chance about winning the substantial stake which is now attached to the race.

Quite another question is that as to whether the breed of steeplechasers is deteriorating. Owners in England still go to Ireland to find the right type, for the good reason that British breeders have apparently only flat racing in view. The best young horse of the past season was Sir James Buchanan's Southampton. He was bred in Ireland by Mr. Hubert Hartigan from a horse that would have commanded little or no patronage had he remained in England, where he was raced in the first instance. Zria, the sire of Troystown, Silver Ring, Snae Fell and many other winners, stood in Ireland. He is dead now, but I cannot believe he would have met with anything like the same marked success had he been at the stud in this country. They have the right mares in Ireland, which is why, year after year, they go on producing big horses with bone and substance and the natural ability to jump fences. Shaun Spadah was bred in Ireland. The Bore was foaled in America, as was Rubio, which some years ago won the Grand National at 66 to 1. All White and Turkey Buzzard are by White Eagle, which for years has stood at the National Stud near Kildare. Garryvoe, a smart performer of last season, was Irish bred and reared, as also was Daydown, while Old Tay Bridge, which seemed half his normal size the other day, was by Bridge of Earn, which stands in Ireland. It is possible, of course, that steeplechasers are not as good as they were. Personally I find it hard to make convincing comparisons; one can only generalise and assume. Most critics to-day are not giving the present generation the benefit of the doubt.

The present flat racing has not advanced sufficiently for any conclusive inferences to be drawn from it. For instance, we are not satisfied yet that the boom in attendances and values of bloodstock are going to be maintained during the coming season. It is true there were huge crowds at Lincoln on the big handicap day, at Aintree, when the King and Queen saw the Grand National, and at Kempton Park and other racecourses on Easter Monday. They were, however, exceptional occasions, and we must wait before being sure. My own idea is that crowds will still continue to be big. Apparently money can always be found for race-going in spite of the tightness of it in trade, industry and finance generally. I am more doubtful, however, about the values of bloodstock.

One recalls the sensational prices paid for yearlings at Doncaster last September. Should they do well, then they will do more than anything else to keep up values. Lord Glanely has still to produce Westward Ho! for which he gave 11,500 guineas in 1919. I hear good accounts of him, but he must do big things to justify that great outlay. Then, what of his half-brother, by The Tetrarch from Blue Tit, for which Lord Glanely gave 14,500 guineas as a yearling last September? Of course, he could not possibly be out as early as this, so that we need not be too anxious, but the good report we received of Westward Ho! did not embrace that of his younger half-brother. Both are with Fred Darling at Beckhampton. At present there is more interest in the three year olds than in the new entry. People are already beginning to think about the classic races, and there will, assuredly, be a quickening of interest when next week Granelly, a much-tipped horse for the Derby, comes to run at Lingfield Park, while, as mentioned a little while ago, Leighton is due to compete for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. Granelly cost something like 4,000 guineas as a yearling. Success for him would help to keep up yearling values. Leighton was bred by Mr. E. Kennedy, of The Tetrarch fame, and was sold to his present owner for £6,000 as a two year old PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

NATIONAL RIFLE SHOOTING.

AT the recently held general meeting of the National Rifle Association, Colonel P. W. Richardson was the only speaker who offered any constructive suggestion for dealing with the sad financial straits into which this body has fallen. The fact that he has just been appointed vice-chairman of the Association clothes what might otherwise have been an incidental observation with particular meaning. As Commandant of the British Rifle Team which has just concluded its visit to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, he gave an account of the conditions under which rifle shooting is conducted in these important sections of the Empire. What impressed him most was that the several associations were only charged with the task of collecting the necessary prize money and of administering the meetings. The ranges are in every instance Government property, and as such are maintained at Government expense, being loaned for the annual and other prize meetings which are held. The National Rifle Association, by contrast, is called upon to maintain a costly equipment of ranges which are in use only a small proportion of the year. No great feat of the imagination is necessary to conclude that Colonel Richardson had in mind the idea that our War Office should take over the Bisley ranges, make daily use of the splendid facilities they offer and hold them available for the comparatively modest needs of the N.R.A. Details would need adjustment, but once the general principle had been granted a practical scheme could readily be framed. Colonel Richardson has always devoted particular attention to N.R.A. finance, so one may assume, or at any rate hope, that the reason why the financial crisis was not debated is that some such scheme as that outlined is under discussion. Clearly, a body of this sort cannot go on making four-figure deficits year after year. The appeal for funds has been a disappointment, consequently radical measures are necessary. What is abundantly certain is that the governing organisation of rifle shooting throughout the Empire must be assured the practical means of existence.

CLAY BIRD SHOOTING.

I am constantly being asked whether I cannot do something in *COUNTRY LIFE* to make clay bird shooting more popular, the necessity having become all the more insistent with live pigeon shooting undergoing serious attacks. Yet I am troubled with the difficulty of advocating something which does not appeal to me in the least. Surely the remedy should be applied by the governing body of the sport. So long as special guns fully choked in both barrels are necessary, and the shooter is required to stand 18yds. back from the trap, the bird getting away at such a pace that it is 40yds. and more away before the shooter can fire at it, I do not see how it can appeal to the generality of game shots. Once I shared a shoot with an exponent of clay bird shooting, and though a 90 per cent. man, he was the worst shot at game I have ever been out with; that is, among regular participators. The accompanying photograph shows my favourite



THE TREE-HEIGHT TOWER AT PERIVALE.

tower at the West London Shooting School. It provides splendid practice for driven partridges and pheasants, and no bird that it throws requires anything different from ordinary game gun spreads. At the Middlesex Gun Club they certainly do run a tower competition, but the members are evidently much more at home with the orthodox going-away bird, this being the one shot which the game shooter with a thought for his stock as far as possible avoids. The system of five shooters in a line was primarily established in the interests of ammunition consumption, but in my view it is not nearly as sporting nor half as exciting as the single method of pigeon clubs. Towers are certainly rather expensive to construct, but a friend of mine who, during the war, wanted an artillery observation tower, erected one for an astonishingly small sum from the framework of a water-pumping windmill.

In the conduct of shooting a competitor would take up his position and fire five shots before leaving the mark. One competition might be at right-crossing shots, another left and another mixed, clay birds from a lesser tower repeating the series at a lower elevation. Handicapping by distance is very effective, for the nearer the shooter is to the tower the greater the difficulty, and it is a difficulty due to the calls made on the shooter and not, as at going-away birds, due to the gun being outraged. I do not say that clubs so run would be a success, but I do affirm that the conditions are those provided at shooting schools, and we do know that this department of clay bird shooting needs no boosting in the Press.

DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING RIFLE PERMITS.

A visit I recently paid to one of the West End gun shops, where they sell more than the usual proportion of small rifles and pistols, resulted in my obtaining some useful information as to the working of the Firearms Act. The usual number of enquiries for the time of year has been received, particularly as to rifles for rook shooting and for club practice, and yet when the applications for permits are sent in they are refused in the majority of instances. Much is made of the facilities granted to rifle clubs, as, for instance, by Lord Cheylesmore at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, yet a recent ruling of the Home Office is to the effect that the club certificate only covers rifles in members' possession at the time the club was approved, new purchases being thus only negotiable through the medium of an ordinary permit. My West End informant tells me that the police are very chary of issuing permits to any except those who give as their reason that they are going abroad. It is not that the police have any valid reason for withholding the permit, but simply that they adopt the Government official's attitude that subsequent trouble can never ensue from a refusal, whereas nobody can foretell the possible dire consequences of acquiescence. The ammunition allowances are also very meagre when a permit is granted. Rooks are likely to be very numerous this year, and no owner of a rookery should neglect his duty in respect to the young fledglings. And yet, with rifles largely out of supply during the war, how are the rookeries to be dealt with if vacancies in the armoury cannot be filled? That the Act is not being administered in accordance with the promises made at the time of its passing, a good deal of evidence is available. Take this case, for instance: A schoolmaster applied for permits to buy rifles for the purpose of giving rifle range instruction to his pupils; the application was delivered on November 29th, but the permit did not arrive till February 19th—ten weeks, for what at most should have taken ten days. The real source of the trouble is police timidity when faced with the risk that out of a thousand rifles applied for by reputable persons, one may be misused and the consequences laid on the shoulders of an over-worked superintendent. Surely, in the case of .22 rifles, applications should be considered on the presumption that they are intended for legitimate use.

SHOOTING PROSPECTS.

Mr. Webster Watts writes: "In East Anglia, of which I speak with personal knowledge, game prospects are above the average. Everywhere one sees a good stock of breeding pairs of partridges, while keepers report a fair stock of hen pheasants. Everything is very forward, and if frost does not check the growth there will be plenty of young herbage and hedge greenery to hide the early pheasants' nests from rooks and other winged vermin. Spring corn is now coming up, and preservers will be well advised to do a little feeding in the coverts so as to keep the birds away from it. As the period of danger only lasts a few weeks, it would be wise in many situations to incur the expense of hiring boys to drive birds off the fields which are especially open to attack. That gamekeepers are experiencing difficult times is proved by the large number who are advertising for situations. In these days the cost their employment involves is not lightly undertaken, clothes and other perquisites bringing the total to about £3 a week. Farming interests suffer from the shortage on the land of these valuable functionaries. The rats they destroy at the present time of year are so numerous that I often wonder why the farmer does not realise how seriously his receipts are affected; but, judging by the condition of the corn stacks, he does not give the matter the attention it merits. There is no doubt that good shootings are much more scarce than before the war. Probably 50 per cent. have been broken up or have ceased to be staffed, the result being that sportsmen who have discovered the influence of shooting on their general well-being and health are compelled to pay the prices which short supply has set up. More especially are those who have reached middle age influenced by the advisability of making the best possible use of the years that still remain to them. Where the principal motive is sport, shootings without houses are most sought after. The motor car has, in fact, considerably altered the outlook in this respect.

A CORRECTION.

By a stupid inadvertence the present proprietors of the gun-making firm of Boss were recently described as the sons of John Whitworth, whereas John Robertson was intended, as might, indeed, have been inferred from the context.